LINDBERGH'S FIRST YEAR OF SELF-EXILE — Will He Become a British Subject?

DEC. 26, 1936

Liberty

5¢

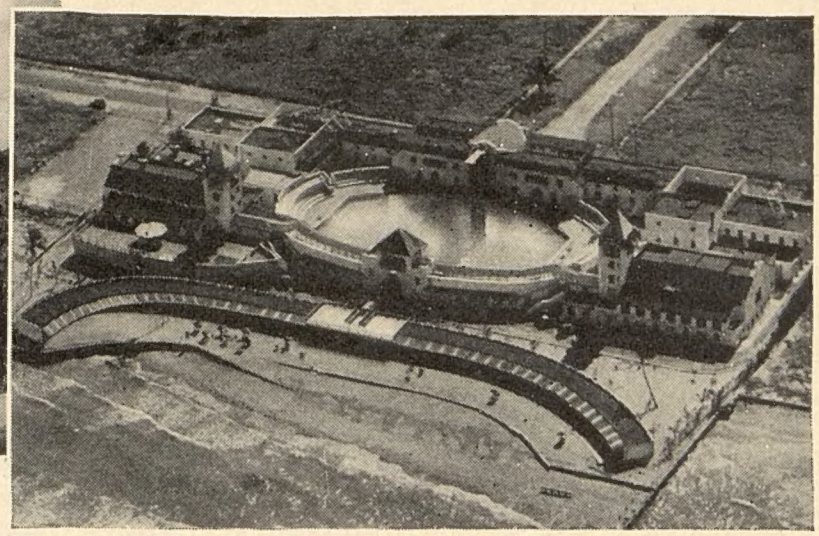
IS CLARK GABLE A CHANGED MAN?

by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

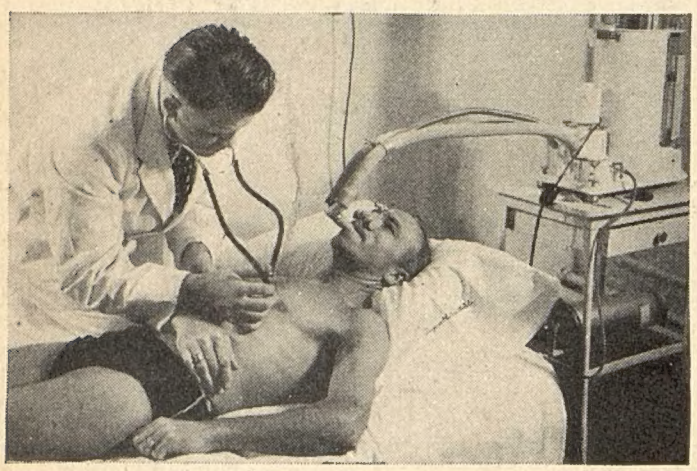
ARTHUR SMITH

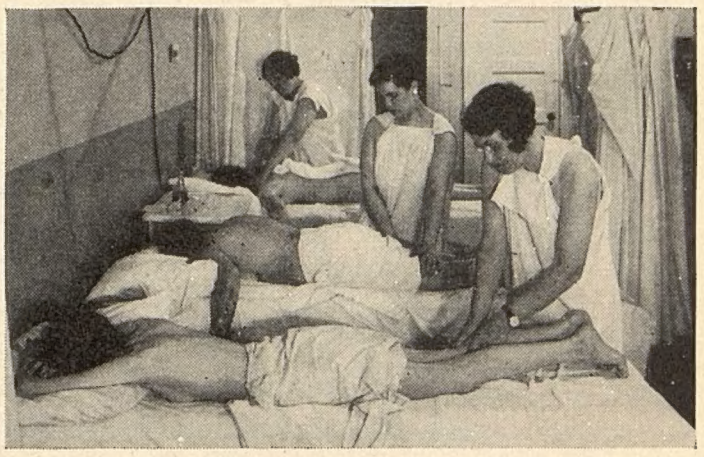
Two Great Health Resorts

Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville, New York



The New Deauville, Miami Beach, Florida





Basal metabolism (above) offers true diagnosis for the overweight. High or low blood pressure (below) is ascertained by accurate measurement.

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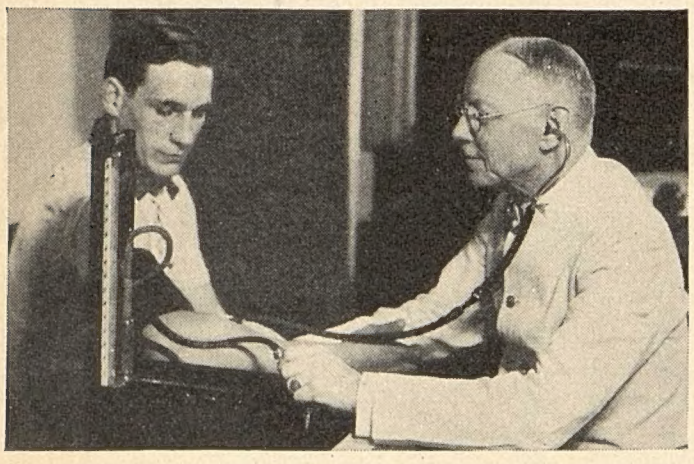

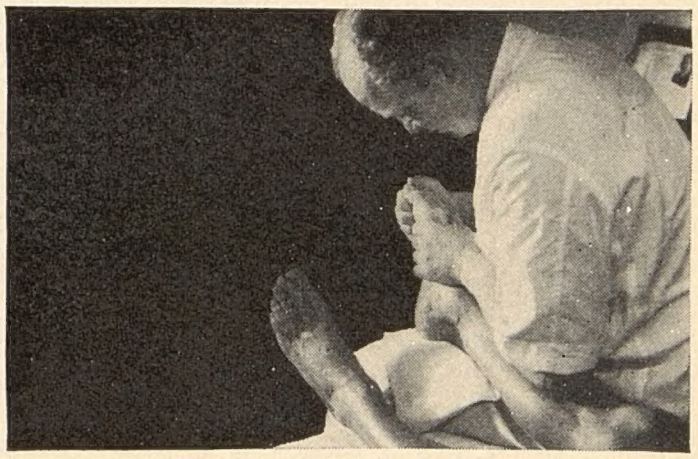

You are also offered an opportunity to build up your body or to reduce by especially prescribed diets and massage combined with directed exercise, walking, dancing and play.

THE NEW DEAUVILLE, a winter paradise, situated in the most choice spot of sunny Florida with every advantage of Florida's delightful climate —500 foot ocean front private beach—the world's largest salt water pool, offering surf or still water bathing—nearly 100 gaily furnished cabanas—two spacious solaria for your sun bath—swimming lessons, directed calisthenics, golf, fishing, tennis and walking with dancing every evening—make this resort the ideal place for rest, treatment, relaxation or a happy vacation. Capacity 300.

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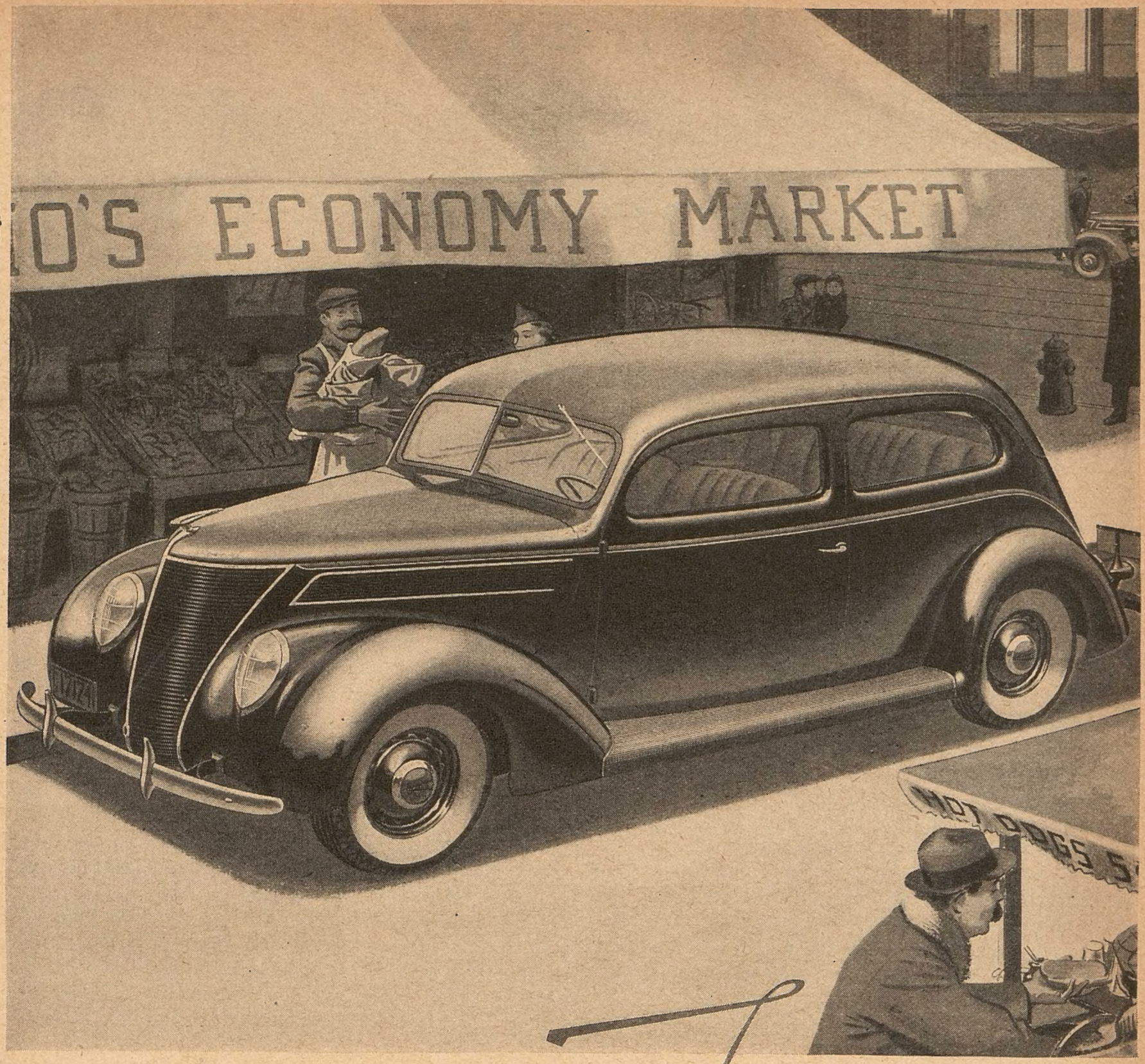

THE UNIVERSAL CAR BROADENS ITS FIELD

Ford V-8 FOR 1937

PERHAPS you have wondered a little why the 1937 Ford V-8 offers a choice of two engine sizes. The answer is simply that it brings the advantages of V-8 ownership within the reach of many more people.

The new 60-horsepower V-8 engine, optional in several body types, makes possible a lower priced car with lower operating costs. It gives good performance—with gasoline mileage so high that it creates an entirely new standard of economy in modern motor car operation.

The improved 85-horsepower V-8 engine provides all the smooth speed and pick-up for which Ford cars are famous—with unusually low gasoline consumption.

Two engine sizes. One big car. Brilliantly modern in appearance. With all-steel body . . . Easy-Action Safety Brakes . . . and other important improvements in safety, comfort, quiet. Built of fine materials, to high precision standards, by well-paid workmen . . . and deservedly called "The Quality Car in the Low-price Field."

DECEMBER 26, 1936

Liberty

VOL. 13, NO. 52

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

What the New Deal Should Do for Us

WE must bow to the will of the majority so clearly expressed in the recent election.

Though I have criticized what appeared to me to be defects of the New Deal, I have always maintained that the ultimate aim of our President was for the good of the whole people. My contention has been that the procedure adopted was faulty.

BERNARR MACFADDEN

The worst enemies of the present administration will admit that what we term " big business " has in many instances been too selfish in dealing with the workers. Labor should have received a larger share of the profits; and the outstanding lesson, taught in no uncertain terms in this victory, was the need for more just consideration of employees in the lower brackets.

It is everywhere admitted that there is at the present time a scarcity of skilled workers. This must be expected until the necessity of more thorough preparation of our youthful citizens has been emphasized. Skill is developed only by careful study, attention day after day, year after year, to the acquirement of knowledge of the business or profession one has decided to follow.

It is the untrained workmen who are unable to find work at this time. This fact alone should make every ambitious, energetic citizen realize that there is plenty of room at the top and that the attainment of an adequate amount of skill should insure a job at fair wages.

Many business leaders have accepted the verdict of the recent election and are giving labor more, financially and otherwise. The attitude that has been encouraged by some of our officials in dividing labor and capital into opposing forces should be discouraged.

They should really be partners, working together as a unit, with the same end in view—to bring more profit to both capital and to labor.

Two or three years ago I suggested a partnership plan in these columns which I believe could now be carried out effectively. Every worker could sign a contract and become a partner in the business where he is employed by sharing in the profits. A certain percentage of the profits could be set aside for owners or stockholders and then a percentage of the additional profits could be given to workers.

For instance, suppose the business made 10 per cent; 6 per cent could be set aside for investing capital and the balance could be divided between workers and owners at the end of each year. This would practically make every employee a partner in the business. He would, of course, have his wages guaranteed; but in case there were profits he would receive his share.

Labor leaders who are fighting for more wages for workers should give this plan some thought. If their men could be offered premiums in the form of such an interest in the business in which they are employed, every organization would then be a separate fighting unit.

In a sense, a going business should be compared to a regiment in the army in which every soldier has one idea in mind.

Every business executive has in view the success of his organization. And if every employee could feel the same loyalty toward an employer as the average soldier does toward the superior officers of an army, such teamwork would be invincible.

Such a business could not fail. It should forge ahead with amazing strides.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Seagram-sponsored research has conclusively proved that Seagram's Crowns are the form of whiskey most likely to agree with most men. It pays to follow this guide to whiskey-kindness.

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Try This Seagram-Tested Delicious Holiday Egg Nog That Your Guests Will Enjoy

FOR 10 PEOPLE

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2. Add the thickly beaten yolks to the whites, beating well together.

3. Stir in very gradually ¼ cup Jamaica rum and 1 pint of your favorite Seagram Crown Whiskey (or 1½ pints if extra strength is desired); slowly add 1 pint milk.

4. Last, stir in 1 pint heavy cream, and serve from punch bowl in egg nog or punch glasses.

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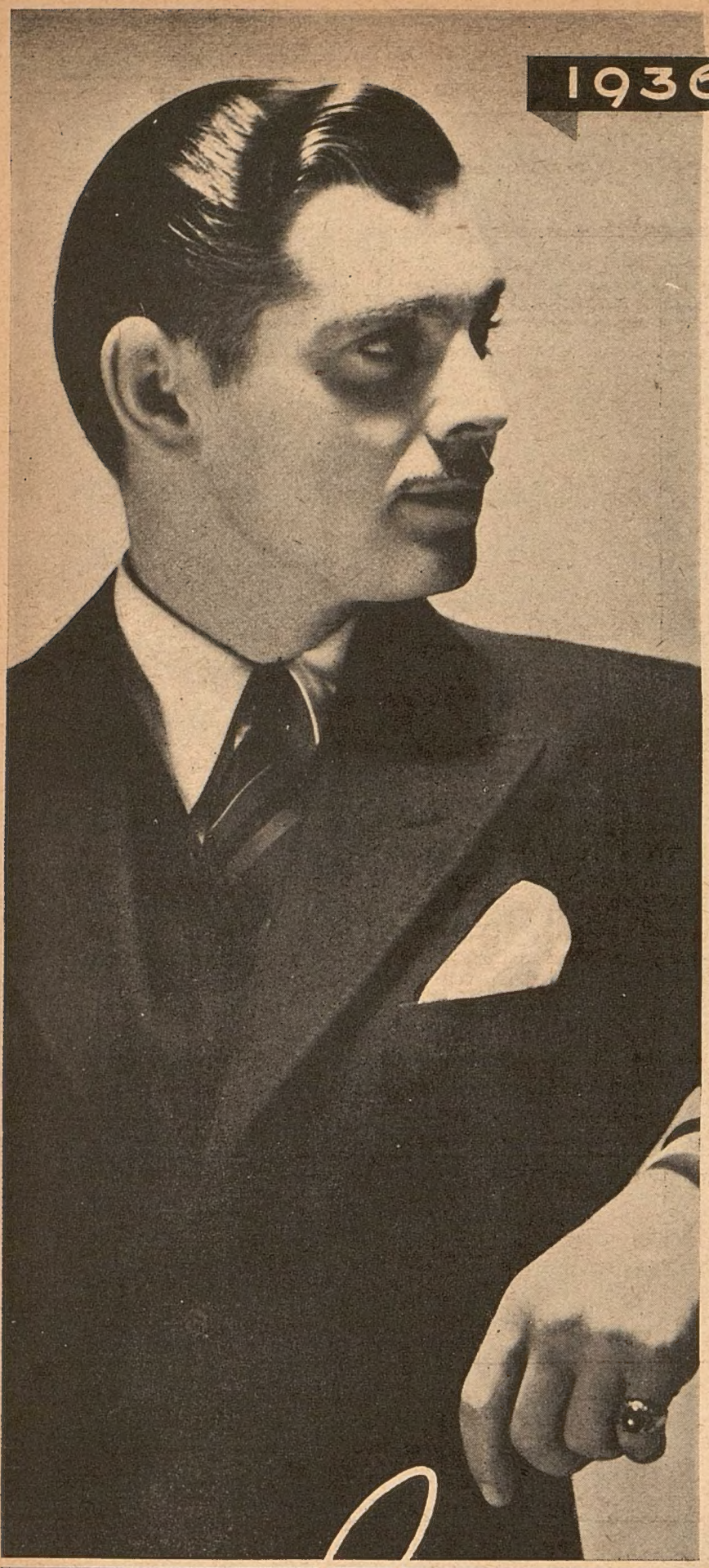
Seagram's Crown

BLENDED WHISKIES

A MOST WHOLESOME FORM OF WHISKEY



Is CLARK GABLE a changed man?

A YOUNG man looked at me across a dim, candle-lit room. Outside I could hear the Pacific hammering at my door with its message of far lands and adventure.

The young man's name was Clark Gable.

He said, "I'll give myself five years. Five years. Then they'll be tired of me. That's about all you can possibly count on. Maybe by that time I'll have a hundred dollars a week income. Then I'll start seeing the world. I'll start adventuring. I want to see the moonlight on the Taj Mahal and the sunrise on the Gobi Desert. Five years from now—"

That night was five years ago today. The great god Gable had just achieved greatness. I was having my first talk with him.

Today I went to see Clark Gable again. What had those five years meant, what had they done, and what did he think now?

As my taxi made its way through the crowded streets of New York, I sat breathless. Oh, I had seen Clark Gable often during those five years. We had met in his home or mine to laugh and talk. We'd played and worked together. He is one of the real friends who've made me an optimist. I've always known that in a pinch I could go to him and say, "Look, I'm in trouble. I'm in a jam. How about it?" And he'd go to town for me. He's that kind of a guy.

But don't you see that made the drama more intense? I wanted my friend Clark Gable to be happy. I wanted those five years to have brought him rich gifts—freedom above everything else. What had they done to him? Had the adventurer succumbed? Had Hollywood got him?

For five years the Ohio farm boy who was Clark Gable had been on top. Subject to every form of Hollywood temptation, to every bit of Hollywood's flattery and charm. When we first talked five years ago he was bewildered and a little afraid. Above all, he was fighting the chains of Hollywood—golden chains, but still chains. Violently he hated chains. The born adventurer.

As my taxi jammed at the corner of Fifty-first and Lexington I thought with panic, Has he given up? Is he different? Does he care so much for ease and wealth and fame that he dare not give them up to do what he wanted to do most in life? Have the gods of fame and fortune stacked the cards against him?

Well, there was a young man named Robert Taylor. They said he was the new matinee idol. Was Clark tasting the Dead Sea Fruit of "The king is dead! Long live the king!"?

That wasn't true. Only a few days before I had happened to be in the clubhouse at the Roosevelt Speedway. Every celebrity in New York was there. The biggest men in pictures, the biggest columnists. The men who have their finger on the public pulse. And they had told me definitely that Clark Gable was still the biggest drawing card in pictures. Bob Taylor? He hadn't proved himself; nobody knew whether he could stay the course—the long five years that go to make a real star. But Gable today, after Mutiny on the Bounty and San Francisco, was bigger than ever. He was still the tops.

"If I had an income of a hundred dollars a week," Clark had told me, "I wouldn't stay in Hollywood. I wouldn't be an actor. No woman could hold me. No dough could. That's all I want—freedom to sail the seven seas, climb the highest mountain, look at the world from every height and depth. You watch! I'll go."

Five years had passed. He was bigger than ever. But there was one great change: his wife Rhea wasn't at his side any more. Hollywood had torn them apart. I didn't like that, because I loved Rhea Gable as much, maybe more than I did Clark. Now I no longer saw the dark and stately and high-minded Rhea beside him, always fighting his battles, always sure of his ultimate rectitude. Instead, the news had placed shoulder to shoulder with him Carole Lombard. And I loved Carole, too. The honest, vivid, truthful Carole, leader of the forces of revolt and insurrection.

So strange it all seemed!

The taxi stopped at the Waldorf, and I went up, trembling. I thought, Can I remember Clark as he was five years ago? Can I see him as he was then, understand

him now as I tried to understand him then? Has my friend been hurt, broken, chained?

The elevator slid to heights. I *could* remember. That meeting with Clark was etched upon my memory.

The big awkward young man. His nervous shyness. His vivid and humorous delight in success. I saw him sitting in the big chair in my Malibu house. Clark, powerful and dynamic and slightly antagonistic. A little gauche. Women everywhere mad about him, and Clark—who likes to do his own hunting—liking it and still resenting it. I remember how nervous and shy he was at first, and how, as the evening wore on, he grew quiet and relaxed and honest. He is so essentially honest. I saw him as a great personality but not as a good actor.

The elevator stopped and I went into a big luxurious sitting room. Three thousand miles from our first meeting—five years from our first talk.

This is difficult for me. Clark is my friend. Yet I must be honest—honest with him and with you who love him.

He has changed. So much. Almost beyond belief. This is another Clark Gable, this man with whom I talk all the long afternoon while the shadows creep over New York. This man with whom I ride to the airport to see the plane take off for Hollywood.

What would I think of him if I were meeting him for the first time? If there had been no meeting five years ago?

A tall, lithe, dominant young man. Just at the time of life when the gods pour gifts into your lap. So well tailored, so well groomed that no one could match him. Knowing how to order the most delightful lunch. Ready with conversation. Familiar with all the good things of life. Talking casually with a dozen important executives who drifted in and out—casually, but with authority. Glad to see me again, but no longer afraid of any one. Hollywood plus. New York at its tops.

A hundred dollars a week? He's making thousands.

The Taj Mahal by moonlight? The big trees of Yosemite? The Gobi Desert at sunrise?

He knows all the hot spots; he's the familiar of the social leaders of New York. He's the most sought after guest for Hollywood parties. The five years—the long course—have made him sure. He's the impregnable.

I don't like it!

THEN, suddenly, he smiled at me. In that smile I knew he hadn't changed a bit. Not nearly as much as most people change in five years. Why, this was the Clark Gable I'd always known! Only there was something a little wistful, a little lonely, in that smile. The adventurer had been changed. He wasn't against the gods any more. The dreams were gone. Yet he was dreaming again—new dreams.

I said, " The five years are up, Clark. You said five years. You gave yourself five years, and then you were going to stop acting and begin living. You were going out to see the world, to find new places, to grab great adventure. But you aren't going, are you? "

He said, " No."

For the moment we left it at that.

I thought of Rhea Gable—that sweet dark woman who had loved him so greatly. It seemed very sad to me, and I wondered if the loneliness in his eyes was for her. It must be. For she had been a rock beneath his feet in those hectic, thrilling days of ever-mounting success.

Instead there was Carole Lombard, laughing, vivid, Hollywood personified. Carole, a free soul if ever there was one.

How had that change come about?

I said, " Why? Why are you going to stay in Hollywood? Did it get you? Why did you and Rhea separate? I hate that, Clark. I have to be honest—I hate it."

Clark Gable waited before he answered. In that moment he looked younger than he did five years ago.

" Well," he said, " things happened. I've fallen in love. With my work. I've fallen in love with the people who have been so kind to me. Do you see? "

I did, but I didn't say so. I wanted to hear what he had to say. The truth in him shines out.

Five Years Ago, and Now—What Fame and Wealth and New Romance for Old Have Done to a Would-Be Rover

by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

"Look," he said. "I'm up there on the screen. I've learned to put myself into every character I play. I've lived a thousand lives that way. You went through the San Francisco fire when you were a little girl. Can you believe that, acting it, I went through it too? It's adventure. People come into theaters to see me. They yearn for adventure, too. I don't meet those people. Yet I do. Their hearts reach out and mine goes back. See? Sounds silly. But it's true. I didn't think they'd go on coming. If they hadn't, it would have been easy to go away. There would have been nothing to hold me."

He looked shy again. He looked boyish and afraid.

I said, "I see. You belong to each other. There's a bond—"

His eyes flamed at that. He looked around at the other men, important men, executives; he presented to them the front of poise and suavity. He looked back at me and grinned. Changed? Not even a little bit, this great god Gable.

He said, "Sure. There's a bond. It's got me. Not Hollywood — I haven't gone Hollywood. Only — I can't get away now. Let's make it another five years. I can go when they let me, not before. As long as they like me, I'll have to stay. See?"

I did see.

After a moment I said, "Rhea?"

He went hard. Oh, he can be hard! The man you saw in San Francisco, in Mutiny on the Bounty — he can be hard, believe me. Ruthless, brutal, almost ugly.

I remembered again when I had first known him. They lived then, he and Rhea, in an apartment. Later there was the beautiful, exquisitely run house in Beverly Hills. There were the gay and delightful parties. There was Mrs. Clark Gable, steady and sure behind the great matinee idol. I knew Clark had loved her, respected her, looked up to her. He had gladly admitted all she had done for him.

Now they were separated.

Paramount photo

Carole Lombard—"Hollywood and adventure personified"—and, below, Mrs. Rhea Gable

I HAD talked with Rhea Gable a few months before. She had said only kind things of Clark. But heartbreak had been in her voice, in her eyes.

He said, "I don't know why Rhea and I separated. I tell you, I don't know. She's the finest woman on earth. True and loyal and—fine. That's all I can say. But—something happened. We couldn't seem to get together. That happens, doesn't it? A spiritual wreckage."

I said, "Well, I think you were a fool to let her go. I must say that, Clark, because I believe it. You needed that balance; you needed that protection, that mothering. Didn't you? Five years ago you needed it. And I think you need it more today."

He said suddenly, "Let's get out of here."

We went into another sitting room where we were alone. He looked older; he looked more vital than I had ever seen him.

He said, "I've grown crazy about my work. I used to look down on acting. When I first knew you, it was just fun. Something that would pile money up in the bank. Now it's different. I owe so much to the people that have enjoyed what I have to give. I'm in a spot now to give them more and more what they want. But—"

Then I knew.

I thought of Rhea, of Carole Lombard. The adventurer in Clark was chained. He didn't need mothering and protecting—the things Rhea gave him. He needed, above everything, the spirit of adventure kept alive.

I don't know whether Clark loves Carole Lombard. But I knew what she had given him. Women need not go so far afield for adventure. They need only be very gay, and very reckless, and very, very exciting. For a time they can then stimulate the spirit of adventure; they can make it seem real.

I thought of Carole—the audacity of her, the vivid aliveness of her blonde beauty. In her was a joy of living that few women have. Utterly honest, utterly herself. You could take her or leave her. An individualist, one hundred and five per cent. Talking back to the powers that be even before she had any right to talk back. Gambling with the future terrifically. I won't be anything but myself, she seemed to say.

And Clark, chained to Hollywood, in the end, by success, by love of his art which he hadn't expected, by some deep love for the people who had made him a star, wanted just that — a woman who in her own way defied the gods as he wanted to defy them.

I said, "You haven't changed as much as I expected. Five years has been a short time, hasn't it?"

HE turned from that pantherlike walk and looked at me.

"A short time? I don't know. If you actually believe that I've gone Hollywood, that I've changed, go ahead and print it. But let's be honest with each other, you and I. What's the most important thing in the world to you today, after these five years?"

I said, very slowly, "The spiritual peace and plenty that have come from real companionship with the one man I've ever really loved. But—I'm a woman."

Clark said, "All right. Out of that spiritual peace and plenty—I like that line—what else has come?"

Somebody came in and said something about an airplane being ready to leave for Hollywood, and Clark said, "I'll be there in a minute. So what has come out of that spiritual peace and plenty?"

I said, "I don't know. Better work, maybe. A surer feeling about what I may do some day. I'd like, before I'm through, to write something big, something that might make people happier. I feel a little more confident that I can do it, because I'm surer about God."

I don't think this story makes sense as a story. I should be telling you that Clark wore a gray suit; that he had a small mustache; that he had been spending the day before with Joan Whitney Payson; that girls had mobbed a taxicab in which he rode and actually torn it to pieces. That he had come on to New York to see Idiot's Delight, which is to be his next picture. Those are the bald, materialistic facts. I can't.

He said, "All right. Here we are, after five years. The thing that has meant most to me in these years is the feeling that people cared about me. That they wanted me to go on being, not the real adventurer I thought I was going to be, but the adventurer of drama that is close to the heart of the people who can never get away for adventure. That's what I mean to them. That's why I'm important. Not for myself. Not for what I might do if I kicked the whole thing over and went out to shoot tigers or something. What would that mean to any one except myself?

"I don't give a good damn whether anybody understands this or not. I never pretended with you, and I won't now. I say to you that no man can feel close to millions of people, can have their understanding and love, and not respond. I say it's bigger than any individual love that can be given a man. O. K. For the next five years I'll be what they want me to be, and after that—I don't know!"

THE END

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America's finest 15¢ Cigarette

CREATORS OF FAMOUS CIGARETTES FOR 88 YEARS, ALWAYS UNDER THE PHILIP MORRIS NAME

MASTER VILLON *has no luck at all*

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

Ballad of Vain Wisdom

LOVE if you will, lead her about
Through glade or garden, bower or bed;
Lucky if you come home without
An aching heart or a broken head.
Love will steal away your mind;
Solomon kissed all womankind;
Samson, kissing one, went blind.
Happy is he who leaves them alone!

Orpheus, who went underneath
With his bagpipe and his flute,
Missed by an inch or so the teeth
Of Cerberus, that four-headed brute.
Narcissus, beautiful but silly,
Smitten by a heartless filly,
Drowned himself in pond and lily.
Happy is he who leaves them alone!

Sardanapalus, who with ease
Stamped the Cretans under heel,
Dressed himself in a lace chemise
And sat him down at a spinning wheel.
King David kept, while he was wise,
Only God before his eyes,
Till Bath-sheba washed her shapely thighs.
Happy is he who leaves them alone!

Must you court the danger still,
Young man, now the worst is known?
Love her, then, if that's your will.
*But happy is he who leaves them alone!**

* The poems which appear with this series of stories are translations by Dr. Erskine from the works of the great fifteenth-century lyricist, and are among the most sympathetic and sensitive of all Villon translations.

FRANCOIS VILLON, poet, erstwhile rogue, thief, and philanderer, keeping a tryst with the gentle-born Louise, persuaded her, as our readers will recall, to elope on the morrow. Buoyed up by this new love, Villon refused to join former companions in robbing his uncle at Angers and returned to his attic room. There, groping in the dark for his bed, his fingers encountered—Catherine, a cast-off sweetheart of other days! We follow him now on new adventures.

WHEN Master Villon put on his hat, flung open the door of the Mule, and went into the night, Montigny was left at the table in the corner, with Peter Merchant pretending interest in the gravy on his plate, and Guy across the board, drowsy with drink and vaguely regretting his dangerous words.

Peter Merchant broke the awkward silence:

A Perennial Lover Learns More About Love and His Bag of Gold Buys Nothing . . . A Sparkling Story of a Believing Lady and a Poet's Wiles

by JOHN ERSKINE

ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

"A very intelligent fellow, that."

"You mean the one who is gone or the one who is drunk?"

Guy raised his head from his arms to protest, then sank off again.

"Has he really reformed?" said Peter. "The College of Navarre, now—"

"Guy shouldn't have mentioned it," said Montigny hastily.

Peter Merchant liked gossip. "Was Villon the thief?"

"Who else?"

"But could he break into the strongbox alone?"

"Couldn't he! He's the best of us, when his moods aren't on him." Montigny was watching Guy. "When he wakes he'll be noisy. I'll carry him home now."

"I'll help," said Peter Merchant, like the kind man he was.

"It's not necessary," said Montigny with pronounced firmness. "Good night!"

"At least you'll permit me to care for the bill," said Peter Merchant. "Where were we to meet tomorrow morning?"

But Montigny had his arm under Guy's shoulder and was already lifting him out of the chair doorward. Peter Merchant stayed to argue with the tavernkeeper.

So many meetings that next morning! Ambroise, the provost's wife, met Louise coming down the stairs, in a plain gray gown and a hat without a feather, and a small bundle under her arm.

"Again?" said she. "Your father won't forgive me!"

"Oh, Ambroise, I never was so happy!"

"There's a shining in your face," said the woman, "which I don't like, and you're dressed like a market wench. I've told the men to follow if you leave the coach."

The girl laughed. "I told the coachman not to harness his horses. I'm walking."

They smiled at each other.

"Did you plan it by yourself," asked the provost's wife, "or did he help?"

"How silly, Ambroise! I'm just walking along the river—for an hour!" Then she laughed again. "If he were in my place, he'd tell the truth. I'm going to the cloisters. I hope to see him."

The provost's wife thought hard. "Shall I tell the truth too? If I can prevent it, he'll never get his hands on you;

Villon went up two steps at a time. Louise and his godfather were at the door of his room, looking in.

but this time I think I'll let you—yes, I'll let you go!"

With the bundle under her arm, Louise set out for the Street of St. James, thinking how his face would light when she came.

Just then, could she have known it, his face was dark with anger. From daybreak on he had tried to put Catherine out of his attic room.

"If I had a place to hide the corpse," he said, "I'd kill you!"

"What a change from last night!" she said, stretching lazily on her narrow bed. "There were moments, weren't there!"

"No one," said he, "will ever hate you more faithfully than I. The sun is up—go home!"

"You didn't love me—not even a little?"

He dropped the bag in her hands.

"What's done is done," said he, "but I was wishing you were in hell."

"I love *you*, François."

"Oh, no, you don't!"

"Well," said she, "I probably do not." She turned her head from side to side on the mattress, smiling up at him. "But I refuse to give you up. She can't have you!"

Master Villon was thinking that Louise might be coming along any minute.

"Could you use a handful of gold?"

She sat up. "François! You charming man!"

He drew the bag from the left pocket. If worst came to worst, he would empty the right as well.

"I'll go down now," he explained, "and occupy my godfather in excited conversation. That will be your chance. Follow the stairs. At the bottom you'll see where the door is. I'll leave it open.

"Put on your clothes," he urged. "If my godfather is angry, our talk may not be long."

At the foot of the stairs he heard in the study a voice which would have quickened his pulse if his conscience had been clean. He set the front door ajar and stole into the refectory to listen.

Louise was in high spirits. "I count on you," she was saying, "to say a good word to my father. When he learns the news, he'll threaten and swear and whatever else is correct for fathers."

"My lady," said the chaplain, "François is a rascal. While he was here I stretched truth, to spare him. He has no thought of marrying you, though I'm sure he'd like a bit of your company, in the way of sin. He left Paris yesterday."

By the sound of her voice, Master Villon knew she was trying not to laugh.

"Why do you think so?"

The chaplain sounded discouraged. "If he's still here, the provost's men will have him by noon. You might as well know all. He's plotting to rob a brother of mine in Angers. He had the impudence to tell me in advance. Don't look shocked, my lady—if you marry him, this is what you must expect. At the tavern across the street he's been consorting with other thieves. But one they took for a fool turns out to be a spy. The law has its fingers stretched this morning for Montigny and Guy Tabarie and your precious husband."

THERE was a silence, and the gravity with which Louise spoke at last touched Master Villon to a deeper shame than he had yet known.

"That he is in peril would make no difference to me—if he is honest."

"Honest, my lady?"

"Father, I believe he is! Since we met he has left off—whatever he used to do! He belongs to me!"

"That other time you were here," continued the chaplain, "he listened behind yonder wall and heard you say you loved him. Yet he has deserted you."

"Oh, no," said Louise, "he hasn't deserted me! Have you, François?"

Master Villon was coming through the refectory door. The chaplain found this disconcerting.

"What now? You back again?"

"Not a moment too soon, either, with you besliming my character," said Master Villon. "I deserted her, did I? You thought I was your child, to the letter?"

"François!" said Louise, catching the look on the chaplain's face.

"If you're ready with scandal this morning," Master Villon went on, "blow on your courage and tell her who I am!"

"Don't speak to your godfather so bitterly," said Louise. "I know who you are, and what you've done, and what you won't do again. You and I know. Nothing else matters."

"I'll explain about Peter Merchant," said Master Villon. "He suggested that I rob my uncle in Angers. He wanted a case against me, that I might hang. I thumbed my nose at him and advised you to give my uncle warning. Why don't you tell the truth?"

"MY word! What eloquence!" said a pleasant contralto voice.

The provost's wife came in from the hall, smiling broadly.

"Do you always leave your doors open? Go right on, François. Don't let me interrupt."

"Mme. d'Estouteville," said the chaplain, "I am honored. Will you—François, bring a chair."

"I can stand as well as anybody," said Ambroise. "Have you married them yet?"

"That's an idea!" said Louise. "With you for witness!"

"Madame," said the chaplain, "please to understand my position. I should like my godson not to be hanged. I should like this young woman not to be harmed. Beyond these two modest desires, I'd have nothing to do with either of them."

Master Villon was plotting how to slip from this welter of talk.

"Ambroise," said he, "you will take Louise home with you, of course?"

"Most certainly!"

"Take me too."

His audacity upset her, as he knew it would. For a second their eyes met.

"If you carry off Louise," said he, "I will join you in the coach; or if you refuse that courtesy, I'll run behind the wheels to your door. The jail will hold me till your husband comes. Then I'll call my godfather to witness that you were here this morning—as in other times you have been glad of my company."

He paused to let the idea ripen, and she saw all the edges in the threat.

Louise laid her hand on his arm. "I have something to say. I will not go back in the coach. They can put me in jail with you."

The chaplain leaned against the desk for support.

"Louise," said the provost's wife, "I wish only to save you. Will you come with me?"

The girl shook her head. "I'm sorry, Ambroise."

"Madame," said Master Villon, "shall I escort you to your coach?"

Ambroise smiled at the chaplain. "Father, I'll accept that chair you offered."

François let his godfather drag in a bench from the refectory.

"Thank you, father," said Ambroise cheerfully, settling herself.

Master Villon put his hat on. "If Louise is to be safe at home within the hour, she ought to get on with her walk."

"You are too bold with the young lady," said the exasperated chaplain. "You should speak of her as Mlle. de Grigny."

Ambroise smiled triumphantly at him. "You should—even though you consider her your wife. Where the woman is better bred, she keeps her name."

"I'll finish my walk now," said Louise. "But I've heard of that room in the attic where François spent his boyhood. Will you show it to me, father, before I go?"

"I doubt if it's tidy enough," said Master Villon.

"As it is," said Louise. "I wouldn't expect it to be tidy. Will you, father?"

The chaplain had wasted no luxuries on Master Villon's upkeep. He tried to recall whether there was any furniture besides the straw bed.

"My lady, it's just a student's room. If you cared to examine the more interesting portions of the cloisters—"

He reached into the pocket of his cassock and drew out three keys on a string.

"The attic," said Louise, "where he grew up, and slept, and wrote his poems." She followed him out.

The provost's wife and Master Villon faced each other, alone.

"Why?" said he, staring down at her.

"You know why. A woman doesn't give up a man she has loved."

"Ambroise, *you* don't love me! That's over."

"You couldn't make her happy," said the provost's wife. "When you've picked the heart out of her, you'll go on to some one else." She smiled. "You see—I still care for you."

"But you married d'Estouteville!"

"You were very young."

"He was rich. Because you never felt right about it, you turn my enemy now." Master Villon removed his hat and rubbed his brow. "Perhaps it's too late. Had I kept to my studies when I was young, as you say, very young—had I given myself to—you needn't jeer—to a good life, I'd now have a home of my own and a feathered bed and whatever you taunt me for not having. But I looked up from my books and saw you."

She had no answer to that.

"The hungry scholar, you called me," Master Villon went on; "the bashful little starveling who didn't know what food he wanted. So you set me on my way, and wished me luck, and went off laughing."

Her face was grave.

"Ambroise—for God's sake—help me now! Let me have Louise! She makes me wish to be what I was when I first saw you."

The provost's wife cleared her throat. "If I helped you to marry her—"

"The blessings of heaven, Ambroise!"

"If I prove to you that I really didn't forget, that I still care—"

The voice of the chaplain sounded from the attic, loud and angry.

"What's happened now?" said the provost's wife.

Master Villon went up the stairs two steps at a time. Louise and his godfather were at the door of his room, looking in. When he joined them, he saw Catherine spread out lazily on the bed. Nothing, apparently, had ever given her so much pleasure.

"How you keep me waiting, François," said she. "I thought you were gone for good!"

Master Villon turned to Louise. She was ashen gray. Since nothing worse could happen to him, he covered his despair with a light manner.

"You wished to see my past," said he, "and Catherine likes public attention. Now everybody can be happy."

"My lady," said the chaplain, surprisingly calm, "this will need explaining to the bishop. It's not supposed to happen in the cloisters. But it's the tender will of God, I do believe, to save you from the wiles of a rogue."

"STILL on that subject?" said the provost's wife, coming up the stairs. "What's he been doing now?"

"Just cast your eye yonder," said the chaplain, making a place for her on the crowded threshold.

Ambroise looked in, and began to laugh. "My dear François! You are too ambitious! Really you are!"

Catherine followed their words, from face to face.

"Put the blanket over her," said the chaplain. Without waiting for assistance, she covered herself.

"Louise," said the provost's wife, "will you come home with me?"

The girl pushed past them all, into the room, with a look which made Catherine shrink down on the pillow.

"He told me about you."

"I know he did."

"He said it was—that you were—"

"Did he say he was through with me?" asked Catherine. "He always says that. I wish I'd had your luck—to see for myself. He invited me here last night; but it's a dirty trick now, showing me to you all. I was something to fill time with, till he could trip up a lady like you. Then did he cast me off? The gutter for me!"

"I repeat your own words," said Louise. "Did he cast you off?"

From under the blanket Catherine thrust a white arm and shoulder. "What do you think?"

"I know you are shameless!" cried the other in sudden passion. "I think you are a liar! Long ago he ceased to care for you! You are angry because he loves me!"

"Not angry," said Catherine. "I always keep my temper."

"Of course you do!" cried Louise, losing the last shred of control. "You go after what you want, as cool as a toad! You crept in here to make trouble! He didn't invite you! He wasn't here last night!"

"That's what he says!"

MASTER VILLON, moved by an impulse deeper than shame, found his voice: "Louise, I was here."

She swayed as though she would faint. Ambroise stepped forward and put an arm around her. "Poor child—come!"

But Catherine sat up, holding the blanket to her neck.

"You think I want him? You think I'm jealous? Go home and wash your mind! I haven't kissed his ugly jaw for years, and then I knew no better! Look at him, the pig-face! He used to whine on my doorstep till Noah Joli got the boys together and beat him. He cast me off? He's a hand-me-down! I was just resting here, in case you happened along, so I could make you a present of what I was through with!"

"This," said Ambroise, "is quite enough."

"My lady, I'll never again hold my head up! Bad though he is, I didn't expect—"

"Don't come down," said the provost's wife. "You're needed up here."

But Louise slipped from her arm and went to where Master Villon leaned against the doorjamb, weary and draggled.

"You break my heart!" she said. "I hate you!"

"That's the least you should do," said he.

"You will see me no more," said she, a bit less violent. "It was a mistake."

He bowed. "For you—not for me!"

Her face changed as though she might cry, and he would have added a word, had she not run down the stairs after Ambroise. He could hear the closing of the great portal, and the grinding of the coach wheels.

He waited till his godfather came up again.

Catherine was dressing hurriedly, still warmed with the zest of battle.

"Well, my poet, have I taught you something? Turn me off, will you?"

Master Villon strode past her and looked out, to be sure of a clear street.

"Father," said he, "I leave her in your hands. She has gold of yours on her person."

With that he went through the window frame and down the side of the house, with the aid of the old vine.

THE END

Lindbergh's First Year of Self-Exile

by FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

TWELVE months ago two shadowy figures, a tall man and a short woman, flitted through the darkness of a deserted Manhattan pier. Lashed to the side of the pier was a small vessel, a 7,500-ton freighter.

The tall man carried a bundle, which he hugged to his breast as he and the slim figure beside him darted up the gangplank and disappeared.

Half an hour later, as the ship stole with muffled engines past the Statue of Liberty on Bedloe Island, he emerged from his hiding place, stepped swiftly across the deck. By Liberty's dim light his bundle took form. It became a curly-headed three-year-old boy.

For a moment, hatless, immovable, the man stood there with his eyes on that colossal figure. Then reverently—or was it tearfully?—he came stiffly to salute.

The identity of the ship's only passengers had been scrupulously concealed. Not even her officers knew the names of their guests until the young man, with his son still on his arm, strode into the captain's quarters and repeated those already world-famous words:

"I am Charles Lindbergh."

That salute had been a gesture of farewell. Our most loved citizen was leaving his native land, so the semi-official bulletin stated, to obtain for himself "time for research and reading"; for Mrs. Lindbergh opportunity to pursue "her own studies and writing"; and for Jon Morrow Lindbergh "a normal, peaceful life."

The desire of the Lindberghs to take a trip at just this time—with Hauptmann's execution set for only a month away—was something with which every sensitive person deeply sympathized. No one could begrudge them a complete respite from the maudlin sentimentality which always precedes a murderer's execution.

As a matter of fact, it is doubtful if their departure would have attracted much more attention than any other item of news about them but for a phrase in the newspaper story, which stated that they were "prepared to live abroad permanently, if that should be necessary."

A saddening phrase and a disturbing one!

It was one thing to lose Lindy for even a year while he and his family recovered from shock and grief. It was another thing to lose him "permanently"—and it was unthinkable that it should be "necessary."

Yet who among us could say that Charles and Anne Lindbergh were not justified?

The Biblical comparison was inescapable: "Behold, the angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise, and take the young child . . . into Egypt . . . for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him."

The press of the world was unanimous in praising Colonel Lindbergh for his prompt action, and in condemning the outrages which had made it necessary.

"A victory for crime," the London Daily Mirror called it, "such as never before occurred in modern history."

"America has decreed exile for her own son," said the New York Times.

Among individual admirers of the Colonel there was a tendency to blame a certain section of the press. Especially did parents of small children condemn the thug-like methods used by some newspapers to obtain photographs of young Jon: pursuing him and his nurse on the way home from school, crowding the Lindbergh car to the curb, and forcing their faces and their lenses into frightening juxtaposition to the child's. Doctors say such experiences may leave marks for life. Even to grown-ups, continued persecution of this sort is likely to cause a strain which leads to nervous breakdown.

Peace and privacy, therefore, for himself and his wife, and safety for his son—these were the things the Colonel was seeking. Did he get them?

The first cabled news from abroad was not encouraging. The Lindberghs had been met far out in the open sea by British news hawks in tugs, speedboats, and airplanes. On the Liverpool dock and from near-by buildings telescope cameras caught them, and then more news hawks in racing cars pursued them to their hotel.

Wales proved more gently hospitable. The household of John L. Morgan had been made ready to receive the distinguished refugees. The Lindberghs had visited Anne's sister, the late Mrs. Aubrey Morgan, there in 1933. Then, as now, all the gates were chained and padlocked. Guards were stationed about the grounds. The British Home Secretary provided the quiet Welsh village of Llandaff, not far from Cardiff, with a fleet of ten motorcycle policemen who patrolled the highways.

NOT a reporter, not a photographer barred the way as the American caravan rolled into town. For a week no British journal of importance mentioned the Colonel or his family. And, by and large, they have vouchsafed him privacy ever since.

The exceptions have been generally unimportant. Most interesting was when Lord Beaverbrook's London Express reported that Colonel Lindbergh had leased Long Barn, a lovely old house at The Weald, near Sevenoaks, in Kent. Later, the Colonel accompanied his friend and landlord, Harold Nicolson, to Parliament and sat in the Gallery for Distinguished Visitors.

The House happened to be debating whether the divulging of "shocking evidence in murder cases" was sufficiently restricted by the act of 1926. The British papers chronicled the fact of Colonel Lindbergh's presence, but refrained from comment on the coincidence.

Toward April a hatless young man walked into the Air Ministry's registration office and said, "My name is Lindbergh, and I want to renew my flying license."

The Colonel had not flown since he left America, and so could not conform to the British rule requiring a certain number of hours in the air within thirty days prior to renewal. After some deliberation, however, the Air Ministry decided to take a chance on this particular applicant's ability at the controls, and renewed his license to fly a private plane in British air.

A few weeks later, Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh were entertained at dinner by King Edward at St. James's Palace. Premier and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, War Minister Alfred Duff Cooper and Lady "Di," Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten and other dignitaries were there.

The Lindberghs' presence might have attracted some attention in the British press if the importance of all other guests had not been overshadowed by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Simpson.

On November 5, Lindy made the British headlines in a modest way by taking to the air, the pilot of his own

The Story of a Strange Hegira—Has Our "Most Loved Citizen" Found the Peace He Sought? Will He Return, or Will He Become a British Subject?

"Who among us could say they were not justified?" Left: Did the man with the camera startle him? Their second son, Jon Morrow Lindbergh.

plane for the first time since he left home.

On the Continent, the couple have been less successful in dodging the spotlight. At 10.15 one midsummer morning they took off, with the Colonel at the controls, in a borrowed British plane from Penshurst, Kent, and at 5.05 P. M. they landed near Berlin.

In the cabled dispatches much space was given to the fact that they dined with the ex-Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, and did not dine with Hitler.

At a luncheon given him at the Berlin Aero Club, the Colonel made a speech. It was not only the best he has ever made; it was a good speech for anybody to make. Rising to real eloquence, he declared:

"We who are in aviation carry a heavy responsibility on our shoulders, for while we have been drawing the world closer together in peace, we have stripped the armor from every nation in war.

"We have lived to see our harmless wisps of fabrics turned into carriers of destruction, carriers more dangerous than battleships and guns."

Significant otherwise was the Colonel's absorption in certain phases of German commercial aviation; in their South Atlantic mail service and their perfected apparatus for protecting the wings of planes on northern flights from ice.

These matters especially interested him because, with American and British financiers, he is said to be planning a regular fast-mail service of his own between England and America, to fly the icy northern route.

A FORTNIGHT before the International Congress of Experimental Cytology convened at Copenhagen, the Colonel flew to Denmark, and worked day and night assembling the "artificial heart" which Dr. Alexis Carrel had conceived and Lindbergh himself had perfected.

"The outstanding significance of the apparatus," Dr. Carrel told the delegates, "is that Lindbergh succeeded in making a blood serum pulsate. Smooth-running blood alone is not enough. It must pulsate. Why, we don't understand. But surely here is an approach to one of life's greatest riddles." The Colonel then explained the "heart's" mechanism.

So he has unquestionably found "time for research," just as young Jon Morrow Lindbergh has gained freedom from prying eyes and a "normal, peaceful life."

About the success of the adventure from Mrs. Lindbergh's standpoint, there seems to be more reason for doubt. If she has been writing, no sequel to her charming book, North to the Orient, nor any other product from her pen has appeared. Her long period of apparent retirement has naturally led to the surmise that another Lindbergh child is on the way; but the fact that she recently returned from a fourteen-day motor trip with her husband over the cobblestone roads of continental Europe would seem to disprove such rumors.

A more likely reason for Anne Lindbergh's unwonted inactivity is just plain homesickness.

Charles Lindbergh was a wanderer from his infancy. Anne Lindbergh loved her home. She undoubtedly misses it. Will she and her husband and son soon come back to it?

There is no record of the Lindberghs having applied for British citizenship papers, yet English opinion seems to be that they have come to stay. Whereas American opinion seems to be still in agreement with the view set forth by the Chicago Daily News at the time of their departure: "The prediction may be ventured that the Lindberghs will return to America when the public mind has become absorbed in other matters."

The continuing interest in the Lindbergh kidnaping undoubtedly tends to delay their homecoming. The revelations and developments following Paul H. Wendel's arrest have kept the Lindbergh case very much alive.

The immediate effect of every such development, all along, has been to increase the number of violent and threatening letters addressed to Colonel Lindbergh. The flood of such letters which followed Governor Hoffman's entrance into the case, and steadily rose as the date of Hauptmann's execution drew near, was undoubtedly a prime cause of Colonel Lindbergh's sudden decision to leave the country.

However, by next summer he and his family should be able to return without experiencing any more danger from cranks than is the lot of celebrities anywhere. As for danger from gangsters, racketeers, and the like, the Lindberghs' native land has changed much since they left it. The campaign to clean it up was well under way before the Colonel reached his decision, but his going put behind it the force of an aroused public opinion.

So, the moment public interest in the Lindbergh case dies out, there would seem to be no reason why the Lindberghs should not come back. Let's hope they come soon!

THE END

LEAVE UP THE STAR

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

MISS MARGARET was the prettiest teacher that had ever taught this Prairie Ridge school. She was especially pretty this morning in a reddish wool dress with furry knots of buttons, with her brown hair done in a swath of curls, each one about as thick as a clothespin. For this was the last day before the Christmas holidays, the day of the Christmas program.

Tom McArthur had come over with her to her school. He draped Christmas greens over the picture of Lincoln, and around the seventh-grade tulip designs for tea tiles, and over Lindbergh standing by the Spirit of St. Louis. And because they were lovers, and no pupils had appeared yet, Tom McArthur pulled her to him. But the moment was marred by her sigh with an *if* in it, and her eyes like her voice wheedled, demanded, "Tom, we could be so happy *if* you'd just give up this fool job out here and go into the potato business with your father."

Tom McArthur's tallness was a little stooped, as though he tried to reduce his height to that of others not so tall. "I like people and problems so much better than I do potatoes," he muttered.

Miss Margaret had taken this school in September, and in September she had met Tom McArthur, whose official title was Agricultural Adviser and Adjuster. Miss Margaret in irritation often dubbed him "the farmer's friend." Many a disappointed evening she had spent when he'd been delayed hunting a farm where the drought-stricken Wilsons could move, or trying to find corn for which the Niedmeyers could trade yearling Herefords.

"It's such miserable pay and long hours and so darned uncertain. And you don't have to do it." Miss Margaret was thinking now of his father's thriving wholesale business in potatoes and his wanting Tom to come into it. She was seeing his mother's silver tea service and Majolica plates, and the grandfather's clock which was taller than she. All of these, Tom's mother said, would be Tom's—provided he settled down and wasn't living in this little outlandish place or that.

His eyes were puzzled, troubled. "These poor devils of farmers are going through tough times—I like to feel I'm giving them a hand over a hump or two."

But Miss Margaret felt signs of his weakening, and she was quick to pursue it. She gave her scuffed suitcase a savage kick. Tom had brought it over, for she was taking the train to the city after the Christmas entertainment. "I hate suitcases," she said. "And I feel just as battered up as that old thing. I've never had a home—shifted around between three aunts. I've worked my way through school—and then teaching country schools. I'd like an address permanent enough to have it stamped on stationery, and a hall to put that grandfather's clock in, and a nursery to paint Mother Goose panels on the walls; and I've saved up menus for Sunday dinners for asking in relatives—"

He answered her slowly, "I know, honey. Well, all right; I'll tell dad that the first of the year I'll go in with him."

She felt a surge of generosity—like the successful horse

A TALE OF SNOW BOUND HEARTS AND HATES, AND THE MAGIC THAT TOUCHES US ALL AT CHRISTMAS

by

LENORA MATTINGLY WEBER

ILLUSTRATION BY KARDEY SCANTO

The pupils were arriving. Annie even brought a live lamb to add reality to the stable scene

dealer who wants to buy a drink for the other. She gave Tom her best warm kiss, her hands framing his bony cheeks. " You'll never be sorry, Tom. Honest! I'll make you so happy."

The pupils were arriving. The Hargins, marshaled by the eighth-grade Annie, came first, laden with paraphernalia for the program. Annie even brought a live lamb to add reality to the stable scene. She said to Tom as she knelt to unbundle the smallest Hargin, " She's been looking for you to come over and tell her should she sell the pigs now or hold them till February." *She* meant Annie's mother.

" I'll stop there today on my way to the Pines. Annie, when are you going to dance that square dance with me? "

Annie's drawn face lightened. Tom McArthur was the only one who ever teased her.

" She can't go to dances because of the Pruett trash that go to them," vouchsafed a young brother. " Here comes the Pruetts now."

Of course that feud *would* lift its head. Annie stiffened like a kitten with its back arched and every muscle rigid.

" She's such a starved kid," Tom McArthur had said to Miss Margaret. " Hate is pretty pitiful fare for a kid."

It was three years old, that hate. And certainly the one who seemed a saturate solution of it was Annie Hargin—Annie-now, the other Hargin children called her because of her mother's way of saying, " Annie, now would you see to the baby? " " Annie, now take a look at the bread." Mase Pruett, who had engendered the feud in the first place, took the Hargin spleen casually. He was a lean, careless man with black crinkly eyes and a natural and unbounded conceit. And the four Pruett boys Miss Margaret taught were just smaller editions of Mase. It was even more of a side issue with Mrs. Hargin, a wasp of a woman bedraggled and embittered by children and hardship.

Miss Margaret had heard the cause of it from Hargin sympathizers and Pruett sympathizers. The facts were these: Annie's father, Clem Hargin, who was dead now, was a fair carpenter but a poor rancher, so the Hargin family had a dour struggle of it. And to make matters worse, Clem Hargin was obsessed with trading with Mase Pruett; he lay awake nights trying to figure some way to get the best of Mase.

The big Pruett ranch neighbored the small cluttery Hargin one. Mase was free-handed, large-hearted, the storekeeper in the little town had told Miss Margaret. " I've seen Mase Pruett take off his coat and give it some poor devil who needed it, but in a trade—say, he'd skin his own mother out of her false teeth and glory in it."

And so, when Annie's father had been thrown from a horse and killed—he was a poor hand with horses—his widow discovered that Mase Pruett had traded him a sorry little bunch of mares and a jack for their strip of hay land.

" And that very evening, when Clem lay dead, didn't Mase Pruett have the gall to come over here, bringing us a meat pie that Swede cook of his made," Mrs. Hargin told

Miss Margaret. "And didn't I take the meat pie from him, and didn't I throw it straight into his brazen face, and I said to him, 'You should come palaverin' around here when you've cheated me and my children, when you've taken the very bread out of our mouths!" I said to him. 'Sure as there's a God in heaven,' I said, 'the time will come when you'll know hunger. Remember that, Mase Pruett!'"

During Miss Margaret's first month of teaching she had thought that if she did not recognize the feud it might smooth itself out. But it was always there.

The Pruett boys came stamping in now, and the Lairs, grinning and ruddy.

Tom McArthur drove on. He had many places to stop, so that he couldn't return for the program, but he'd meet Miss Margaret at the train. She was going in to town with Mase Pruett; he was taking his youngest boy in to have a tooth looked after and maybe pulled.

At last one o'clock came, and the audience. The entertainment, for which they had practiced ever since Thanksgiving, began. Miss Margaret looked at the handful of parents sitting in the larger school seats, at the profusion of small brothers and sisters squeezed together in the smaller ones.

Thank heaven, she'd soon be away from them all with their too many babies, their hardships, and their feuds!

What a struggle she'd had to put on this Nativity scene! Annie Hargin was the only girl tall enough to be Mary, and her thin brown face, except for the wire-tautness of it, looked well under the Madonna-blue shawl (Miss Margaret had dyed outing flannel); but she wouldn't walk in with Joseph if Joseph were either of the tall Pruett boys. So Miss Margaret had to take the fifth-grade Lair boy, who barely came to Annie's shoulder, for Joseph.

"We are shepherds who saw the star from afar—"

Yet the parents weren't listening to it. One mother was reaching for a child's overshoe, at the same time glancing uneasily out the window. Miss Margaret glanced out too. A queer, eery light lay over the prairies blotched with snow. But more than that was a breathless stillness—as though earth and sky held their breath, waiting for something to pounce.

Joseph was saying his part, and he forgot one line, and while he stood trying to remember it, a rancher blurted out, "Skip that part and go on." There was urgency in the eyes of the mothers, the weather-wise, seamed faces of the men. "Get through! Get through! We've got to beat a blizzard home." They struggled between that urgency and their wanting to be courteous to the teacher.

Miss Margaret announced that they would omit the Christmas carols. They passed out the socks filled with candy and nuts to the children. Hands on which mothers were already pulling mittens snatched at them. The men gave orders; mothers herded children toward shabby cars.

Miss Margaret stood on the step telling them good-by. She looked down as something touched her hand. It was a single flake of snow, a lovely glistening star.

MISS MARGARET swished the schoolroom into a semblance of order. She helped Mase Pruett wrap up the small Pruett boy. "Does your tooth ache now, Jim?"

"No, that's candy." His roguish, apologetic grin was exactly like his father's. "But it aches at night."

The other Pruett boys had driven home in their old car; Mase Pruett was driving their new one to town.

Annie had bundled up the smaller Hargin children, and they had crowded in with a neighbor who would drop them off at their corner. Annie hadn't left yet. She was going on to her Aunt Kate's with a fruitcake. So she planned to leave the lamb here in the vestibule of the school until she could come for it the next day. The Lairs had brought alfalfa for the crib scene, and with their usual prodigality they'd brought almost a bale; Annie had stopped at the Lairs' for milk to keep the lamb quiet and they'd filled her gallon bucket.

"Hurry, Annie, before the storm hits," Miss Margaret prodded her.

Annie said, "You don't need to wait for me." Miss Margaret realized that Annie, with her stiff suffering pride, didn't want to leave before Mase Pruett did in his new glistening car. Annie had no overshoes, but was wrapping her feet in gunny sacking. Her mittens were made out of old blanketing.

Mase Pruett swung Miss Margaret's suitcase into the car. "We can beat this blizzard into town," he bragged.

In the tense white chill of air the starter of his car whirred. The engine caught, then sputtered and died. He started over again, stepping on the starter, listening. He turned the ignition off, on. Tried again. The air was like a damp breath now.

Mase Pruett got out, lifted the hood, and tinkered at the engine. Miss Margaret climbed out too, feeling helpless, inadequate. Mase slid in again behind the wheel, bore down on the starter with jerky uneasiness. That willingness of its response, the willingness of the engine, then the petering out—

Even Annie, standing close to the school, was held by the waiting suspense.

The little boy hunkered down and peered under the car. "Look! It looks like gas has leaked out."

Mase Pruett climbed out, leaned over, and his weathered face turned a grayish beige. He muttered, "I had George drain out some gas to use on the pump engine. And I'll bet he didn't screw the plug in tight!"

Mase found a stick and stuck it into the gas tank, which rattled hollowly, and the stick came out dry.

THEN suddenly the blizzard pounced—a howling and battering swoop of wind laden with a million needle points that went through coats and gloves as though they were old muslin.

The four of them, Mase Pruett and Jim and Miss Margaret and Annie Hargin, found themselves inside the school as though a great broom had swished them there—breathless and purple-faced and shivery and grateful for the shelter of this cluttered big room with its dying fire.

Fury beat at its walls, wailed at the door. Miss Margaret, looking out the rattling window by her desk, saw that there was no sky or plain—not even a pump fifty feet away. There was only swirling mad whiteness.

Annie Hargin shivered by the stove. She'd unwrapped the shawl from around her head, and her face looked slimly sharp compared to the bundled-up contour of her body with her feet bulgy with sacking. She muttered, "Aunt Kate's husband was froze in a blizzard like this. In January it was, and they never found him till March."

Mase Pruett unwound the woolen scarf from Jim's face and throat, said with loud assurance for all their benefit, "Well, this ought to be cleared up by morning."

Miss Margaret tried to be casually gay. "There's plenty of wood in the vestibule for tonight." There wasn't plenty. Ordinarily the Lair boy, who for a dollar a month chopped their wood, would have had it piled up to the lunch-bucket shelf; but this morning he had been busy trimming the Christmas tree.

Mase Pruett fed the fire one stick at a time. "Keep on your overshoes," he said; for snowy mist sliced up through the floor boards.

Miss Margaret tried to play the piano, but a Christmas carol sounded thin and futile against the storm thumping at walls and windows, against the stand-offish enmity of Annie—the kitten again with its back arched and ready to spit—against the two Pruetts.

Miss Margaret murmured, "If you'd tell people you couldn't go fifty feet to the woodpile, they couldn't believe it." And Annie repeated, "My Uncle John was only going from the house to the barn—'cause they needed milk for the baby. He was two miles up the gully when they found him."

They pulled the recitation bench up close to the stove. The four of them sat on it—Mase Pruett and Jim at one end, Miss Margaret in the middle, and Annie crowding close to the far end. The children munched hard Christmas candy, crackled peanuts.

Heavy storm darkness came. The wind did such queer things. The stovepipe fell down, and Mase Pruett and Miss Margaret struggled in the darkness with it. Their small flare of fire could barely combat the awful chill. The lamb bleated in the vestibule. Mase Pruett folded his sheepskin-lined coat. "Here, Miss Margaret; you and

Annie put this behind your backs." Annie wouldn't use it. She sat rigid, unbending, on her end of the bench.

Mase Pruett had four silver dollars in his pocket. He would warm them on the stove, then slide them into a chamois pouch and give it to Jim. "Lay your cheek right on that, Jim—that'll help your tooth." That warm smell of scorching chamois blended with the other unrealnesses of the black night.

Dawn came—or what would have been dawn had there been a sun. The blizzard raged on. They made a great to-do about doing things—morning things. Pushing in the stovepipe. Sweeping. Mase Pruett took the water bucket and plunged into that breath-taking, freezing, pummeling void, and scooped it full of sleety snow, which they put on the stove to melt. Annie tended to the lamb, scuttling out to fill its water pan with snow; it bleated contentedly from its nest of alfalfa.

Annie said to Miss Margaret, "The lamb doesn't need this milk. There's plenty here for *us*."

The milk was lumpy with ice. Annie poured some into their tin drinking cups, warmed it on the stove. She took one cup and set another on Miss Margaret's desk. Miss Margaret drank a small portion of it—it tasted of a rusty tin bucket but it was sustenance—and then, though Annie glowered at her, she handed the cup to Mase Pruett for him and Jim. Mase said, "That's something I could never get down—milk." But Jim took it and drank it hungrily.

Next Annie borrowed Miss Margaret's scissors to cut her mother's fruitcake—which was to have been given to Aunt Kate. A hacked slice for Miss Margaret, one for herself. Again Miss Margaret divided with the Pruetts while Annie glared disapproval. Again Mase Pruett passed his on to the ravenous Jim. "Thanks just the same." He waved his pipe. "I don't want to spoil a good smoke."

Such a long day! It was almost a relief when, about noon, the wood gave out and Mase Pruett said, "I'll chop up the wooden steps and platform outside."

He had only the light hatchet they'd used on the Christmas greens. Miss Margaret thought she could help, but in about two minutes she scurried back to the stove.

Mase Pruett brought the hulk of wood into the schoolhouse and whacked it up, swearing under his breath at the inadequacy of the hatchet.

He tried to disguise his nervous weakness. Gray perspiration broke out on his face. His hands shook as he filled his pipe. Once the hatchet slipped and its edge cut a bruising gash on his wrist.

THIS wood, too, he fed the stove a little at a time. About dusk he turned from the stove and waited for a long wail of wind to sob itself out, waited for the bleat of the lamb in the vestibule to die down, and then he asked, "Annie, that's your lamb, isn't it? Is it all your own?"

"Yes," Annie answered.

"Well, now, supposing we see if we can't figure out some sort of a deal. What do you figure the lamb is worth?"

Annie stiffened. "I don't know," she said shortly.

"You can drive a good bargain with me, Annie. Because in fifteen minutes after you say the word I can have lamb chops barbecuing over this fire."

Annie said grimly, "We Hargins have had enough of you and your bargaining."

He passed that by. "That strip of hay land you used to own—it's good land but it means half a day for me to get my mower to it. I'll give you the deed for that, Annie, for the lamb. Miss Margaret here can get me a piece of paper and be witness to our trade."

But Annie's blue-gray eyes were green with vindictiveness. "You're hungry and I'm glad!" Her voice was shrill and her thin body shook. "We knew hunger that winter after paw was killed and we had to let our cows go. We haven't had butter since. We make pancakes out of water—and little Leo used to cry and cry at night because maw put oatmeal water in his bottle instead of milk. I want you to know hunger. Even for the hay land I wouldn't trade you that lamb. I want you to be hungry!"

This night was longer than the last. Weary muscles ached for something besides hard wood to rest on. A great inner void craved food. Backbones and feet and knees were shivery clear through. If only all of their bodies could be warm at the same time! Wouldn't you think the fury of the blizzard would wear itself out! Wouldn't you think that lamb would ever bleat itself out!

Throughout the night Mase Pruett opened the stove door, wedged in one of those unwieldy chunks. Some were so misshapen that the door wouldn't close tight and smoke seeped out, and the flicker of fire played meagerly on the ceiling. This night Jim whimpered with his aching tooth, and hearing him Miss Margaret wanted to sit there and cry too.

FOR all life seemed desolate, chaotic. She knew no surge of victory. Even though she had won her point with Tom. But she *had* won. Tom had said, "Honey, I wouldn't mind growing potatoes—no, and I wouldn't mind cooking them and feeding hungry people; but this thing of being a middleman, and counting potatoes by the hundred pound, potatoes by the truckload, potatoes by the carload. Life would get to be bordered by those drab bulging gunny sacks."

"Your father thrives on it," she had said shortly.

"Father's a possessor. Potatoes make him money, and money means possessing. Take that old, old leather volume of Ovid's love poems. I doubt if he's read a line in it; but it's hand-bound and old and valuable, and probably no one else west of the Mississippi has one, so he gloats over owning it. I'd rather be knocking around the state helping a few farmers iron out their messes."

Oh, but let the farmers iron out their own messes! Let Tom and her have a life ironed out by security.

Mase Pruett began talking to Jim. He told about how once he and a Mexican cow hand were lost in just such a blizzard as this; how they stumbled into an old dugout; how they hadn't a match, and the other fellow said this, and he said that. Miss Margaret knew he was lying as he went along, but it took Jim's mind off his tooth. "And we'd been riding since sunup and we hadn't had a bite to eat. This Mex I was with rummaged around in a corner of the dugout and he found a can of something. The paper was off it, so we didn't know what it was. You know, we passed that can back and forth, and shook it, and guessed for half an hour what was in it. We guessed tomatoes and beans and corn and sweet potatoes—and finally I stuck my knife in it and opened it. And do you know what it was?"

"What?" Even Annie asked it by her held breath, though she made no sound.

"Hominy. I never tasted anything so damn good! We emptied out the can, and then I ran my finger around the bottom of it and found three kernels that stuck there, and licked them out."

"So would I," said Jim reverently. "I love hominy."

Miss Margaret's emptiness echoed it. Hominy seemed suddenly the most delicious food you could imagine. . . .

Another morning that was not a dawn! The wind had died down in the night, but with the day it came on again, more vicious, bullying—as though it had gathered strength from its rest. They went about the few morning chores with worn-down listlessness. Miss Margaret said thinly, "Tonight is Christmas Eve. We can burn the Christmas tree. It'll smell Christmasy, anyway."

Small Jim Pruett said, "But let's leave up the star. You can see it at night in the dark."

Such dragging, interminable hours! Miss Margaret tried not to look at the row of books on her desk—the let-

tering was stamped into her brain: Girl of the Limberlost, Roget's Thesaurus, Ben-Hur, Plays Suitable for Holidays. The big dictionary, on its stand by her desk, she saw as so many cubic inches of fuel; she kept measuring it against the stove door, mentally ripping it apart, wedging it in. Her eyes hated every detail of Lincoln in his long-tailed coat, and those twisted tulip designs for which she had once praised the seventh grade—and why didn't Lindbergh smooth down that thatch of hair?

Mase Pruett said, "I guess this long recitation bench better go next. There's less iron on it for the amount of wood than on the seats."

He turned it upside down, used his pocket knife slowly and laboriously to unscrew the iron legs on it. He sat back and weakly juggled the long screws in his hand.

Annie Hargin hadn't said a word all day. Only at intervals that cup of milk appeared on Miss Margaret's desk—and she sipped the smallest half of it, and handed it on to little Jim Pruett. Time after time she offered some to Mase Pruett, but he always shook his head, the conceit and roguishness still there in his sunken eyes. "No—I never acquired a taste for milk."

LENORA MATTINGLY WEBER
spent her girlhood on the Colorado plains, riding broncs and raising motherless lambs on bottles. She went to a Denver high school, married the school's young athletic coach, and now there are five young Webers to make her life hectic and happy.

Jim Pruett took spells of talking—he was a talkative little fellow. Only once Annie said—and she said it more to herself than to the others, "At home we give presents on Christmas Eve." Then she went out and busied herself with the lamb in the vestibule.

Mase Pruett came to Miss Margaret's desk and laid a paper on it and said, "Give this to little Annie when we burn the Christmas tree." It was the hay land, Section 42, the southwest 160 acres, he was giving to Annie. "And this we'll give to Jim. It's my compass, and he's always wanted it, the little tyke. And you, Miss Margaret, if you like turquoise, maybe you'll like what I've got twisted up here in this paper for you. I got it in Mexico some twenty years ago."

He stood by the desk a minute, holding tight because he swayed a little in weakness, and said, "I like to give things. But when some son of a gun wants to trade with me and thinks he can get the best of me, why, dammit, I'd rather skin him than eat—even if I'm hungry. Tell me when you want me to take down the Christmas tree. There's not much heat in it."

A heavy silence fell over the four of them. It would soon be dusk. Even the lamb seemed to bleat less often. It would soon be Christmas Eve. Snow was piled up over two thirds of the windows and they were deadened to quietness.

Perhaps the wind had died down.

To Miss Margaret, sitting at her desk between the weary day and the weary dusk, it was like time out of life. Like the caesura in a sonnet that bids, "Pause now—pause, and take note before the poem goes on." She knew now that Life was just as hard a bargainer as Mase Pruett. Generous in giving, but, dammit, it'd skin you if you thought you could get the best at bargaining with it. To the givers life gave back. It was the bargainers who lost.

Young Jim Pruett asked, "Why did those men follow the star on Christmas Eve? Did they want to?"

She said, "I'll read you that part, Jim." She reached for a book and read about the Wise Men:

"And lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. . . .

"And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and . . . they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh."

"They were nice men, weren't they?" Jim asked.

Miss Margaret looked at the three wan faces in the dusk. She could feel Annie's starved heart because hate is so lacking in vitamins; she could feel the gallantry along with the rascality in Mase Pruett—and just the wistful little-boyness of Jim Pruett.

"Yes." Miss Margaret swallowed at a pain in her throat that came from her heart. "It was nice that they gave—that they didn't want to trade it for something."

She let her words end, but her mind went on. The Child had turned out to be the greatest giver. And He gave so freely. He never said to the poor leper, "Now, if I make you whole, what will you do for Me?" When He raised Lazarus, He didn't say, "See what I've done—I've given you your life. Now you must give Me something." She hadn't given her love to Tom. She'd held it behind her back and dickered, "I'll trade it to you for a house with a hall for a grandfather's clock." But she wanted to give now! It would be sweet to say to Tom, "Listen. You do whatever you want to do—and I'll just tag along."

She looked up at a rending sound.

Annie was sobbing out, "Mase Pruett, go out and get the lamb. I want you to have it."

He said gently, "You don't have to, Annie. I can stick it out all right."

"I want to! I won't trade it for the hay land. I want to give it to you. Once when I was a little kid you punched a ticket on the punch board in the store and you won a box of candy and you gave it to me—and I was so happy because—you gave it to me—"

There it was! You couldn't believe that Christmas—in all its loveliness and entirety—could come into a schoolroom barely lukewarm.

There was no shriek or sob of wind. Jim Pruett thought there might be a star, and he tried to push the door open against the drifted snow. All pushing together, they opened it a foot and stood there looking and listening. There was no star, but they could hear the labored chug of a car engine.

"Sounds just like Tom McArthur's car to me," said Mase Pruett.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—The accompanying photo portrays what great Irish political leader whose downfall was wrought by a sensational divorce case? He was a Parliament member, a founder of the Irish National Land League, a prisoner for a year, and was first a foe then an ally of Gladstone.

2—What are cairngorm, citrine, and prase?

3—Aprons from which Biblical character's body were used to cure the sick?

4—Is a sea cucumber good to eat?

5—Does the Constitution refer to the behavior of Supreme Court justices?

6—What is replacing incubators for premature babies?

7—The people of what race employ their shoulders most freely in talking?

8—How old does a fly have to be to become a great-grandmother?

9—What is the Société des Bains de Mer?

10—Has Detroit, Chicago, New York, Los Angeles, or San Francisco the greatest number of registered automobiles?

11—Who was the enchantress in Aladdin and the Lamp?

12—In what state is a divorce unobtainable?

13—How many U. S. citizens live in trailers?

14—Who married a resident of Baltimore before becoming King of Westphalia?

15—Is South America's largest city nearer London than New York by water?

16—What is a papal bull?

17—Is a comminuted, simple, or compound fracture one in which the bone is broken into several pieces?

18—What evidence is there of the earth's internal energy?

19—A candidate for a commercial pilot's license must do what for fifteen seconds with his eyes closed?

20—Who heads the largest producer of self-propelled vehicles?

(Answers will be found on page 45)

The Spanish Crown Prince Talks About the Throne

Liberty Presents a Royal Survey of What's to Come in Madrid—"If the People Call, My Father'll Return"

says

COUNT COVADONGA

(FORMERLY ALFONSO, PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS)

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

QUITE often, since the beginning of the civil war in Spain, people have been asking, "Who are the Rebels? What do they stand for? Do they represent the majority of the nation's opinion, or are they just a group of politically ambitious men?"

Countless kinds of answers have been given to those questions—in the majority of cases, quite incorrect. We find the first mistake in the name applied to General Franco's followers. A garrison rising against a constituted government could be called Rebel, but that word could never describe a nation-wide movement under whose banner have gathered men of the most widely divergent political ideals, united only by the one thought and aim of saving their country from chaos and destruction. Since this is true of General Franco and his followers, they should never be referred to as Rebels but always as the defenders of a *nationalist* movement.

After the fall of the monarchy in 1931, a so-called Republic of Workers of All Classes was established in Spain. My own father—a true patriot above everything else—in leaving his country begged his people to forget their political ideals and band together for the sake of Spain. If the republic succeeded in furthering the glory and progress of Spain, he said, they should support the republic.

Such wasn't, unfortunately, the outcome. Instead of patriotism, personal gain seemed to be the motto of the new rulers. Little by little Spain began losing international prestige, and above all, her own self-respect. Strikes, revolts, disorder followed each other, and eventually the situation reached a point where all true Spaniards, whether Royalist or Republican, realized that action had to be taken unless their country was to be completely destroyed.

General Francisco Franco, one of the most brilliant and the youngest generals in the Spanish army, was elected as the leader for this nation-wide movement. Adored by his soldiers, at whose head he had victoriously fought in Morocco; respected by politicians and aristocrats who knew he was a man without political ambitions and interested only in the welfare of his country; admired for his courage and honesty by the people of Spain—he was the logical leader for such a movement.

The Juventudes Obreras Nacionales Socialistas (National Socialist Laboring Youth), under the leadership of young Antonio Primo de Rivera, son of Spain's former dictator; the Fascist Party, Falange Española; the Royalists supporting both my father and the Carlist faction; the Catholic-Agrarians; the Republicans of the Right—in short, all the conservative elements of the nation responded at once to the call of a true patriot. And the interesting fact is that these different factions didn't comprise only the army, church, and the so-called upper and middle classes, but also a great number of laborers and the majority of the peasantry.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: At the beginning of the civil war, José Antonio Primo de Rivera was caught in a government raid on Fascist strongholds. His trial for treason was sensational. On November 20 it was reported that he had been executed by a government firing squad at Alicante.]

Forgetting for the time being the question of a monarchy or a republic, all these Nationalists went into a fight in which not only the fate of Spain was at stake but the fate of Europe as well. The present Spanish government, definitely supporting the extreme Left, was bound eventually to establish a Soviet regime in Spain. Europe, caught between two fires—Russia in the north and Spain in the south—would have been facing the very real danger of a Soviet wave all over the Continent—at best, of a disastrous war between the countries supporting Fascism and those supporting Communism. And so Spain became the battlefield where the fate of the old Continent was more or less to be decided.

Communism, which in theory is undoubtedly magnificent, cannot be carried successfully into practice; especially not in coun-

Left to right: Ex-King Alfonso XIII and his sons, Infante Jaime, Prince Juan de Bourbon, and the author, Count Covadonga.

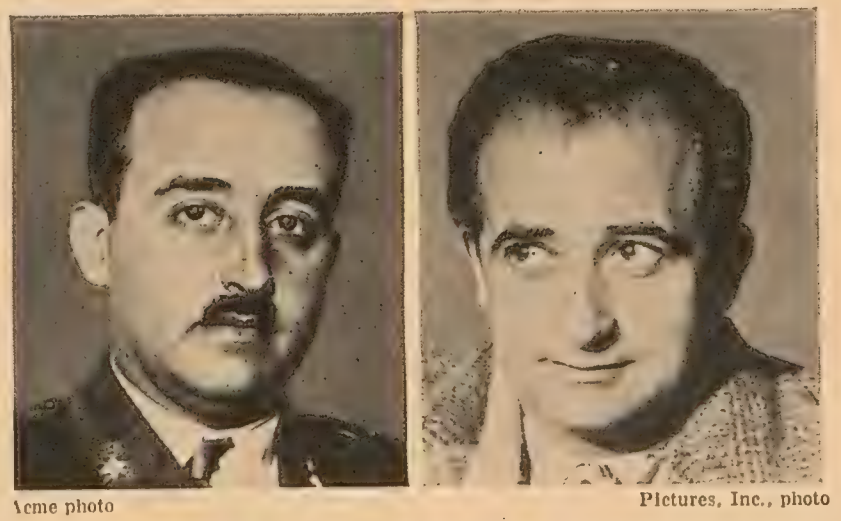
Wide World photos

tries like Spain, where the people are so deeply individualistic.

General Franco, realizing this great danger, didn't hesitate to strike with a movement aimed not only to save his own country, but a whole civilization perhaps.

Peasants, commoners, aristocrats, clergy, soldiers, even his own enemies followed his example full of enthusiasm. General Quiepo de Llano, leader of the uprisal in Andalusia and a Republican all his life, immediately supported the movement. First and above everything else he was a true patriot, and because of that he was willing to follow and support a man who, like General Franco—an avowed Royalist—had been his political enemy all of his life.

Commander Ramon Franco, hero of the famous flight across the Atlantic from Spain to Argentina, always a supporter of the Left, and at the outbreak of the civil war a member of the staff at the Spanish Embassy in Washington, quickly renounced his post and went to fight side by side with his brother, General Franco, from whom different political ideas had kept him apart for many years.



Acme photo — Pictures, Inc., photo

Brothers reunited by Nationalism: Francisco Franco, the "rebel" generalissimo, and (right) Ramon Franco.

This gesture of Commander Franco impressed me deeply. It was only a few years ago—on December 15, 1930, as a matter of fact—that this same brilliant flyer threatened to bomb the Royal Palace in Madrid. I remember standing on one of the balconies and watching him come down full speed, only to turn suddenly upward and start climbing when it seemed his plane couldn't avoid hitting the massive building. I remember, too, seeing the load of bombs in his plane, one of which properly placed would have been enough to cause death and disaster. And yet, this same man today is out there in Spain, fighting with my own people against those whom he once supported and in whom he once believed.

My own cousin, the Infante Don Carlos de Borbon, a lieutenant of engineers, joined the Nationalist forces and met glorious death on the battle front of the north.

THE republic proved a sad disappointment to Spain. It made promises of democracy and well-being, of better class conditions, of law and order. None of those promises was kept. Instead, there was chaos and destruction. Spain woke up little by little to face the bitter reality caused by an unfortunate mistake. She became restless and nervous. She yearned for a leader who would help her shake off the danger of utter destruction. And so, when General Franco valiantly raised the flag of Nationalism, his followers at once were counted by the hundreds of thousands. Spaniards at last had been given the chance they had been waiting for, and they eagerly took advantage of it.

In two months of civil war, thirty-seven of forty-nine provinces joined the Nationalist movement, and they have given it both human and financial support. At this writing it looks inevitable that the armies of real Spain will soon be in full possession of the capital of the country and will once more restore to Spain her self-respect and prestige.

Once they have Madrid, most probably, a provisional government will be proclaimed—a dictatorship under General Franco's leadership. It will be an iron-handed dictatorship, to be sure; but how could it be otherwise? In order to re-establish law and order and to insure peace, the opposite party has to be disarmed, no matter who is the winner.

Then will come the task of *cleaning up* the part of the country still in the enemy's hands. Catalonia will undoubtedly prove to be the hardest problem. This part of Spain, always under the influence of Left propaganda, has worried the Spanish government for many, many years. The dictatorship will probably deal with Catalonia either by creating a frontier and considering her a nation *non grata*, which would ruin her financially; or by conquering her through a military campaign completely independent of the present one.

Once recognized by the foreign powers, the provisional government will have to get down to the task of finding out what type of regime Spain wants to be ruled by—a republic or a monarchy. A plebiscite will probably solve this problem. If a republic, it will undoubtedly be molded on a more solid conservative basis than the present one. It will be one where citizens' rights will be respected, where all Spaniards would be willing to lend their support because it would mean a better Spain. If a monarchy should be chosen, however, then it wouldn't be like the monarchy which fell in 1931. It would be of a more democratic frame, quite similar to that of England; the King and the government would collaborate closely with the people, while at the same time lending the country all the prestige and glamour typical of royalty.

IF the people should call him, my father would return. A Spaniard above all, always ready to serve his country and his people, he would only come back if Spaniards believed his returning could be of help to the country.

As for a successor to the crown, both my brother Jaime and myself have renounced our rights; my younger brother Juan would be the Crown Prince.

Yet all this is still rather problematical. We will at all times abide by what the Spanish people decide. What they will choose, no one can really tell today. I can only say that for centuries Spain has been royalist; that even in 1931, although the large cities voted Republican, the countryside voted Royalist to the extent of a total figure of 5,000 elected Republicans against 20,000 elected Royalists; and that, unfortunately for Spain, the present republic has proved a great fiasco. But I cannot make it too plain that the question of Spain's form of regime will remain a mystery until such time as, through a plebiscite, the Spanish people are able to express their opinion.

For the time being, all that we can be sure of is a clean, patriotic, honest movement which will establish a strong dictatorship—a dictatorship which will undertake a rational division of the land, favoring both the peasants and the landowners, giving to each the logical share which they can properly keep and develop; a dictatorship which will respect human life and won't let itself be carried away by unbridled hate.

The Red government of Spain has shown no mercy to the nonfighters of Rightist ideas who have fallen in their hands. Not only wholesale executions but tortures of all kinds have been applied to men and women alike. We, true Spaniards who support and approve the Nationalist movement and its motto Long live Spain! will not seek revenge for the cruelty our own people have been made victims of. We shall, on the contrary, endeavor to show our brothers, now blindly fighting against their very own, that the true Spaniards' greatest quality is not the courage they have shown on the battlefield but the mercy and forgiveness we shall extend to them when they have been defeated.

A new Spain will be born from this cruel civil war. And that new Spain will be able to look back tomorrow and think proudly that, through the sacrifice of her children in the Nationalist movement, she succeeded in once more paying service to the world by possibly saving the old Continent from a cruel, merciless war, which, if won by Communism, would have meant the end of a whole era of civilization.

THE END

Gift Unopened

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

by ELISABETH and NARD JONES

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

"THE thing that's nice about Christmas nowadays," Lydia told her mother, "is the fun that grownups get out of it. Of course I know Christmas is for the youngsters, and all that—but nowadays parents have their fun too at holiday time."

Mrs. Harrison smiled. "I always enjoyed Christmas, Lydia."

"You mean you always *said* you did. But I remember perfectly that by Christmas Eve you were worn out with shopping. And next day you spent twelve hours in the kitchen. I know there was a satisfaction in that, mother—but your Christmas wasn't *gay*."

"No, perhaps not as gay as yours and Peter's was last year, but—"

Her daughter laughed ruefully. "Oh, I don't mean that. It was a perfectly natural happening. Hot drinks sneak up on you, and I'm afraid we *were* a little late getting back from delivering packages."

"I know that Christmas calls for a little cheer, as your father used to say. But I like to see parents stay in their own home on Christmas."

Lydia raised her eyebrows in mock disturbance. "Shh! Don't let Billy hear you. He thinks that Peter and I are perfectly swell. He doesn't believe we owe him parental duties at all. I do wish you could stay again this year."

"I'd like to, Lydia. But since your father couldn't come I wouldn't think of leaving him alone at Christmas." She looked up at her daughter's bright piquant features which as yet showed no signs of the early thirties. "You see, Inland City isn't quite as gay as here, and I'm afraid your father might be lonely."

But Lydia and her mother enjoyed three more glorious days of Christmas shopping. "You ought to bring Billy down to see all this," his grandmother insisted.

"I don't like to take him in holiday crowds," Lydia explained. "And as long as he doesn't see something like this he'll never miss it."

Driving home in Lydia's car, Mrs. Harrison said, "I was thinking of what you said about Billy not missing what he's never seen. It might be applied to you too, Lydia—and maybe to Peter."

"I don't know what you mean."

"That's just it, Lydia. I'm afraid you never will. You won't know what you've missed because you've never seen it. You and Peter must promise me that you'll bring Billy to our house for a real old-fashioned Christmas."

"I want to, really—and I think next year Peter could arrange to get away."

At dinner that night, before they were to take Mrs. Harrison to the train, Peter announced that it was quite possible. "In fact," he said, "we'll be there, won't we, Bill?"

When they had returned from the station Peter helped Lydia wrap packages.

"Bill Shaw called up today," he told her. "He's throwing a Christmas party in his new place."

"That ought to be fun. I've told Madge Howard we'd drop in there, too."

"We can manage both of them. Going to have Bill's tree in the morning?"

"Not if we go to the midnight services, darling. You said you'd like to go, and I've half promised the Morrisons we'd drive over together. The services are going to be beautiful and we'll see every one we know." Lydia snipped the ends of a silver bow expertly. "We wouldn't want to get up at the crack of dawn if we go to midnight services, because heaven only knows what the Morrisons will want to do afterward."

"O. K. But I always had my tree in the morning."

"And *I* always had *mine* on Christmas Eve! What difference does it make, after all?"

"None, I guess." Peter kissed Lydia on the tip of an ear. "Bill never seems to get very steamed up about Christmas, anyhow."

Usually, on the afternoon of the day before Christmas, Peter got hold of Jack Roark to make a leisurely tour of friends' offices, taking a few cocktails on the route. But today Lydia telephoned at noon: "Peter! Peter, come home right away! Billy's not well." He had never heard her voice just like that. "I'll leave right now, Lyd. Shall I phone Dr. Jasper?"

"He's here now." That frightened Peter. But he couldn't believe that Bill was really ill, seriously ill. Bill never got sick. Bill never caused them any worry or trouble.

Arlene met him at the door, sober-miened and pale. "How is he?" Peter asked.

"I don't know," Arlene said. "Mrs. Cramer's upstairs with him and the doctor."

Peter took the stairway in three strides. Lydia, standing at the foot of Bill's bed, closed her fingers tightly over his, but she did not take her eyes away from that small peaceful face.

She was still there when the doctor had gone, with a promise to return by middle afternoon. She was still there, and Peter with her. Once the telephone rang downstairs, but he was aware of it only enough to shut the door softly against the sound. There was no food that night for either of them, and only a little broth next morning, which Arlene insisted upon. But at last Peter had to get away from that room and that still face, and try to forget those maddening evasions of Dr. Jasper's.

"What'll I do with the packages, Mr. Cramer?" Arlene asked.

Peter looked up uncertainly. "Put them away somewhere—except yours, of course. And you'd probably like to go home today, wouldn't you?"

Arlene shook her head. "No, sir. And if you don't mind, I'll just put my packages away with the others, and we—we can open them all together when Billy's well."

Open them all together when Billy's well. That, Peter realized afterward, was what must have carried them through. Upstairs he repeated the words to Lydia: "I asked Arlene if she wanted to take her gifts now, and she said . . ."

Forever after it was not that year's Christmas that Lydia and Peter would remember. Forever after it would be the blessed morning of December 28 when Bill opened his eyes and looked at them, really saw them standing there by the bed—when the doctor said, "He'll make it now, Lydia."

And they would remember always the first thing Bill said when he knew how long he had been ill: "I spoiled your Christmas, didn't I?"

Lydia and Peter couldn't answer. But in their eyes, meeting across Bill's bed, was the realization that they had found Christmas and would never lose it again.

THE END

PEACE ON EARTH—

"War Survives," Says a Sardonic Philosopher, "Simply Because So Many People Enjoy It—Let's Renovate Human Nature!"

by H. L. MENCKEN

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THE uplifters who try so violently to downpull war are very earnest folk, and some of their arguments are so powerful that no answer to them has ever been discovered. But meanwhile war continues to be popular. Who, indeed, is really against it—that is, honestly to God against it, as every one is against smallpox and work? Probably not five per cent of the human race. Perhaps another five per cent may be induced, under pressure, to sign petitions against it, and even to swear solemnly that they will not serve the next time war comes. But let the bugles blow a few sharp blasts, and the second squad will be howling for blood instanter, and in a little while all save a corporal's guard of the first squad will be howling too.

The Author.

As for the rest of the people, they are for war all the time, whether for good reasons or for bad. They delight in it as a cat delights in catnip, or a dry congressman in radiator alcohol. There is no easier way to get their confidence and their votes than to start honing the sword and talking darkly of Huns at the gate. In the whole history of the United States I can't find a single example of a politician who ever lost anything by advocating going to war. But on the other side I can show you almost countless examples of politicians who were ruined by talking incautiously of peace.

Go back, for instance, to the War of 1812. If there ever was a senseless bloodletting on this earth, it was that one. England had a magnificent war machine in full operation. The United States had next to nothing.

Moreover, the reasons advanced for going to war were of the flimsiest. Some of them were downright imaginary, and most of the rest were obliterated by a neat English backdown before the war actually began. But by this time the plain people were aflame with military libido, and there was no containing them. Poor little Jimmy Madison, trying to hold back, was greeted with angry roars, and in a little while, like any other enlightened politician, he allowed himself to be converted, and plunged the country into the carnage with pious hosannas.

The war went the way that might have been expected. The Americans, with the aid of a noble band of profiteers, improvised a small and expensive but very smart navy, and it quickly gave a good account of itself on the sea. But on land there was little save a long series of disasters.

Certainly there was plenty of meat in this war for pacifists; and after it had gone on for a while, the few who were then to be found in the country got together and demanded that the slaughter and arson cease. Some New England Federalists, dumb even for politicians, were seized with the idea that there might be something in this movement for their party, so they joined it hopefully. With what result? With the result that their rivals, the Democratic-Republicans who had made the war, accused them of plotting to separate New England from the Union and hand it over to England. This, of course, was not true, but nine out of ten Americans believed it the moment they heard it, and in consequence the whole Federalist Party was wrecked and some of its leaders narrowly escaped being lynched. Open any school history book, and you will find elegant woodcuts of the two loudest advocates of this idiotic war, Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun, and long accounts of their tremendous services to their country. But you will have to search even the thickest schoolbook very hard to discover any mention whatever of their two chief opponents, George Cabot and Theodore Dwight, and what it says about them will probably turn out to be very sniffish.

The same tale might be told of every other war in which the United States has ever been engaged, and, indeed, of every war in which any other nation has ever been engaged. The chief heroes of all wars, next to the generals who lead the troops to slaughter in the field, are the high-powered rabble rousers who promote the business behind the lines, and keep it going when it threatens to lag.

There are cases, of course, of opponents of war who have lived down their ill fame by swallowing the principles that had been so costly to them. But the really earnest opponents of war always fare badly. The head of the clan in France, Jean Jaurès, was assassinated on July 31, 1914, two days before the first of 1,357,800 Frenchmen were butchered.

Some one once said that if all the diplomats of the world were hanged there would never be any more wars. There is enough truth in this to make it sound plausible. But that getting rid of the whole diplomatic pack would abolish war altogether is by no means likely, for war survives on earth simply because so many people enjoy it.

Enjoy it? Did I really intend to write that word? And if so, have I gone *mashuggah?* Not at all. There is, indeed, nothing in all this world that can match war for popularity. It is, to at least nine people out of ten, the supreme circus of circuses, the show beyond compare. It is Hollywood multiplied by ten thousand. It combines all the excitements of a bullfight, a revival, a train wreck, and a lynching. It is a hunt for public enemies with a million Dillingers scattered through the woods. It is the

WHY WE HAVE WARS

dizziest, gaudiest, grandest, damnedest sort of bust that the human mind can imagine.

The pacifists always make the mistake of assuming that the people do not like war, and would not miss it if it were taken away from them. Precisely the same sort of mistake was made by the prohibitionists in 1919, with results so sad that I hate to recall them. The truth is that what the human race really finds it hard to endure is peace. It can stand the dull monotony for ten years, twenty years, even thirty years, but then it begins to fume and lather, and presently we are in the midst of another major war and enjoying its incomparable exhilarations.

The whole body of the people, high and low alike, are all the same when the bands begin to play and the tramp, tramp, tramp of marching men converts every heart into a cocktail shaker. The recruits that the pacifists drum up so easily in times of peace are not to be taken seriously. Nine tenths of them are simply either fools who will sign anything, or snobs who like to fancy that they are superior to the general run. These snobs entertain themselves by pretending that they can't be fetched by the blather which so easily upsets the rest of us, and by taking mighty oaths to refuse to serve in the next war. That many of them will try to keep out of the trenches I have no doubt, but all of them, save a few cripples, will be lined up along the curbstone as they were in the last war, howling incitements and encouragements to the boys in the ranks.

Here I do not except even the rev. clergy. They will not holler as loud as the rest; they will holler twice as loud, as they have always done in all wars since the days of Cain and Abel, and on all sides. In 1912 or thereabout I came into contact with a band of pacifists mainly made up of clergymen, and got to know some of them well.

ALONG came 1917 and the grandest hullabaloo ever enjoyed by the freemen of this republic. When I thought to inquire about my pacifist friends I naturally expected to find them locked up in some hoosegow or other, charged with treason. But the first one I encountered was now a four-minute man touring the movie parlors and bellowing for blood like a starving tiger. The others had all gone the same way. There was one exception—a clergyman. This holy man stuck to his guns throughout the war. He was denounced in the newspapers, got a great many threatening letters, and came near being thrown out of his pulpit. But he refused to budge, and the last time I heard of him he was still a pacifist. His case, however, was so extraordinary as to be almost unique. It would not be unreasonable to liken him to an honest politician or an odorless polecat.

Even the sassy young intellectuals who rage against war in the colleges, hurling defiances at their teachers, are no better than the rest.

To listen to pacifists, one would think that when the United States went into the World War there was wailing and lamentation from one end of the country to the other. But every one who was alive and reasonably sober in those days knows that the country really stepped into it with shivers of delight, and that nine Americans out of ten had a roaring time until the show was over.

Here I by no means except the actual soldiers. To be sure, it was unpleasant to be killed, but every buck private of healthy mind believed confidently that he would escape, and those who didn't plainly couldn't do any mourning over it. It was also, of course, unpleasant to be wounded, but not every one was wounded, not even a majority, not even ten per cent, and the overwhelming bulk of those who collided with shot or shell recovered afterward and had something to be proud of for the rest of their days. There were some young men, unfortunate beyond the common, who didn't escape but were wrecked for life; but statistics prove that their chances of coming to that unhappy fate would have been almost as great if they had stayed at home.

The choice before the average youngster, when war breaks out, is not between enlisting in the army and staying home to become President of the United States, or going into the movies at $10,000 a week, or marrying a girl with four or five doting stepfathers, each worth $100,000,000. It is between enlisting in the army and taking a job in a filling station, or following the plow, or adding up long rows of dull figures, or sitting day after day in an unventilated classroom while half-dead pedagogues try to teach him things that don't interest him.

War, to this typical, this normal young fellow, is a colossal release. The problem of making a living in a stupid and unappreciative world departs from his shoulders. He ceases to be a nonentity and becomes a public figure, cheered by his relatives, his friends, and the populace in general. There is some one to feed him when mealtime rolls round, some one to clothe him, and some one to tell him what to do. He has a gun in his hands and feels like a man. His country needs him, and tells him so with many a slap on the back, though in a little while it may forget him. No more lordly life is imaginable. It combines all of the advantages of a sure income, good and racy company, and a job full of thrills. The soldier stands proudly above all the ordinary laws. Even the laws of economics are repealed for him.

And the rest of the population? My belief, born of close observation in two wars, is that those who stay home enjoy war even more than those who take a hand in it. Every day is full of tremendous excitements, and they are of kinds that peace simply cannot offer. The minute war breaks out the whole country heaves a vast sigh of satisfaction. All the rules are suddenly suspended. There are new and better jobs for every one. Bands play in the streets. Soldiers go clumping by. Every girl has two beaux, and every boy has three girls. The old fellows make speeches, hunt spies, try to get their share of the easy money. The old gals knit socks, cheer the parades, and dream of handsome generals coming home to steal them from their husbands. I'll begin to believe war can be abolished when the pacifists show me a way to change all this. What I call for, of course, is a complete renovation of human nature. Science is mighty and may accomplish anything in time; it may even accomplish this. If, when, and as it does so I'll begin to believe we have seen the last of war. But not before.

THE END

Music IN HIS FEET

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

IN TWO PARTS—CONCLUSION

PAJAMAS lumped, crawled, and otherwise made Curly Carmer as acutely uncomfortable as they make everybody else. Therefore, being confessedly dumb, Curly slept raw. But she kept the covers high under her chin—because mama had come East for chaperonage purposes and right now was parked at Curly's bedside and beaming.

"It's much better this way."

"I—I'm through with him, positively"—Curly wept—"a-and forever!"

"We'll go right back to Dallas," mama said, "and you can pick out somebody else, somebody handsome with a lot of nice oil wells in case papa's go dry."

"Just in case," Curly dolefully agreed.

But mama, who didn't know when to stop, sniffed, "A gigolo! I'm so very glad, dear, that at last you're showing some sense!"

And abruptly a number of things happened.

Curly sat bolt upright. "What?" she cried in a loud, startled way. "Sense?" Because nobody ever before had accused her of sense, and coming now it clicked an old secret conviction in her mind that it is only the sensible people who manage to make such complete messes out of their lives. As by wearing pajamas. Curly suddenly felt pressed for time. In one leap she was out of bed.

"C-Curly!" mama shrieked. "You're naked!" which Curly was. But Curly didn't hear. She was spilling the contents of an evening bag upon the dressing table.

"Young woman," mama said severely, "how often have I told you that no real lady—positively no real lady—ever sleeps without—"

"Ah!" Curly said, extracting a card from the pile of keys, compact, handkerchief, money, and lipsticks.

"What's that?" mama demanded.

"The address of Professional Escorts, Limited!"—and Curly rapidly disappeared toward the shower. . . .

Above bacon and eggs, Gwen Barbour felt extra feminine and didn't like it.

"Do I look any different?" she asked her maid.

"You look wonderful, madame," Pauline said. "Like dew."

Gwen said, "I was afraid of that." She hesitated. Falling in love. Again! And this time probably without profit. She was too healthy, Gwen assured herself disgustedly. Last night—telephoning a professional escort agency out of pure boredom because her last divorce was so new and all her friends had been Cy Barbour's friends too. And now this morning: feminine! Simply dew on a rose!

"Oh, hell!" Gwen said. "Bring me the phone."

"Max McMurphy speaking," a voice said.

But when Gwen announced that again tonight she would require Tod Robinson's services, Maxie groaned.

"Just five minutes ago," he cried—"only five minutes—this beautiful mysterious widow in black hires Mr. Robinson. She does not even leave her name, paying in advance. She says only she will pick him up at his own address. But we got other very recommended guys, Mrs. Barbour, and personally I will assure you—"

Gwen thought fast. Since Tod would be going out, Pablo, his roommate, would know or could discover Tod's destination.

"I'll take that phony Mexican count," she said. . . .

Pablo, on top of the world, bent his head.

"Rub it, old fren," he said—"for luck!"

Tod rubbed Pablo's head. But—"There's nothing lucky about me."

"You mistake!" Pablo objected. "During two long years old Pablo labors at this job, professional escort, but always the clients turn out to weigh three hundred pounds and also possess husbands or sons or other interested parties who do not look kindly upon the proposition that old Pablo should marry into money. But observe! I meet you, my fren! At once everything change! Abadaba! Like magic! Appears a blonde knockout with dough and not even one current husband! First night she goes out with you. But second night she requires old Pablo! You and I will join each other later," he added practically, "at the Club Lamarre. It is most exclusive, most excellent! Ah!"

"I detect an odor," Tod observed.

"Well," Pablo admitted, "old Pablo does seem to have made a slight business arrangement with the management. Club Lamarre will what you call kick back twenty per cent of the check, particularly if we order champagne." He cocked his top hat over one bright dark eye, gave the hat a pat, and said, "*Hasta la vista,* old comrade! Which means do not forget."

"O. K., baby," said Tod. He had to wait only ten minutes before a very black Southerner in a chauffeur's uniform rang Pablo's bell. On the street, Tod

by ROBERT NEAL LEATH

A Hilarious Tale of Charm for Hire and the Heart of a Golden Girl Who Knew What She Wanted

put one foot on the running board of a long blue limousine, looked inside, and stiffened.

"Thank you for this," he said scornfully.

"Since you *must* take wimmen out to earn a living," Curly said, "it might as well be me. I call it a dancing lesson."

Tod got in.

Curly gave him a wad of bills. He counted them carefully and wrote a receipt.

"Is that necessary?"

Tod said, "Yes."

Club Lamarre had a glass floor with water under it and brilliant feathery fish swimming in the lighted water. The music, the swank orchestra cost Georges Lamarre plenty and was worth every cent.

"Papa apologizes," Curly meekly told Tod. "Papa says just please come back to Dallas and he will pay you a large salary for playing golf with him each afternoon."

Tod said, "Some day I'll kick all papa's words down his throat!"

Battling against it, Curly became angry. "Oh, for goodness' *sake!* While we're waiting we'll get old and gray or something. Why don't you simply relax, honey, and let yourself go?"

Tod looked down into her beseeching fine eyes and the fury he felt went into his feet. Let himself go? Well, he would. Now! But not the way she meant. To a gentleman, dancing meant restraint, conventionality. But Tod Robinson's feet didn't feel like the feet of a gentleman.

"Tod!" Curly gasped.

Because he was wild now, letting the music come completely inside his mind and allowing his feet to obey it. There were taps—a sudden flurry of taps that took Curly's breath to follow—and swift sweeps, whirls, their bodies close; then the room went black, except for a spotlight which picked them out and except for the softly glowing dance floor. And Tod saw the floor must gradually have cleared, for they were alone upon it. Entirely alone, dancing. A gigolo? Well, he'd be a good one! They danced a

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK SWAIN.

A spotlight picked them out, and Tod saw the floor must gradually have cleared, for they were entirely alone.

long time and the music halted cleanly at the end of a chorus, and Tod kept Curly's hand and led her across the glass, although the spot accompanied them. There was a moment's silence, too, followed by a surprised small thunder of applause before the lights went up.

Pablo and Gwen Barbour had taken possession of their table and Gwen's eyes were wide, staring at Tod.

"I knew last night you were good. But how long has *that* gone on?"

Tod said, "From just now."

Curly's glance lay on Gwen and she said viciously, "So glad you could be with us again tonight, dear, since evidently you insist."

Gwen smiled. She wore green satin and ermine. "We'll take turns. Last night Tod was mine. Tonight, yours. Tomorrow, mine again."

"Hey!" Pablo protested incredulously. "There must be some mistake! The sex-appeal expert here is me!"

Gwen sighed. "Pabby, you slay me!"

He cheered up.

"Then every night these parties of four can go right on!"

Gwen considered. "Very well. And perhaps I'll also put dear Tod on the stage, since he dances so extraordinarily well!"

Curly burned. "If anybody does that it'll be me!"

Tod felt miserably uncomfortable. When he demanded their check the waiter said, "Yes, sir!" But instead of the check, Georges himself appeared.

"Your money is useless, monsieur, in Club Lamarre!" he announced, kissing his own fingers. "The dance! Will you come again? Frequently? Tomorrow evening?"

This club was as good as any other.

"Why not?" said Tod.

"One moment!" Pablo indignantly protested. "We will come again but we will pay! Kindly remember my commission!"

Tod waked next morning with a brown mist of hopelessness hanging in his mind. Gwen's crack about putting him on the stage had been, of course, a joke. The big city which he had come to conquer seemed just about to have him licked. Nevertheless, as he remembered last night's spotlight, a new reckless determination tightened his face. Perhaps the gentlemen among last night's customers had despised the flash of Tod's impromptu act. But it made no difference. They, everybody, had applauded.

THE maestro Scutelli, having slipped on ice in front of a streetcar, wore artificial legs. He dressed very well indeed.

"Have you had other lessons?"

Tod said, "Not since I was twelve."

Scutelli pushed a button and got up. "Come with me." He walked very carefully.

A room on the other side of a hall was furnished only with a phonograph and one wooden chair. The floor was superbly waxed, treated. Scutelli selected a record, turned the machine on, and seated himself, as a slim girl wearing a full-skirted evening gown came in. The time was half past ten—still morning.

"Miss Fonda: Mr. Robinson," Scutelli said. "Begin."

The girl moved forward and Tod accepted her into his arms but waited till he felt the music, then danced with the girl as well as he could, forgetting everything else, abandoning convention.

Always, the more excited Scutelli became the quieter he seemed. Only his eyes, glowing, indicated how he felt to those who knew him. He said very quietly, "Most of my clients are would-be sheiks from the dance halls. Or older men preparing to philander. You, now, I do not understand. Who are you?"

"Just me."

"Permit an explanation. For most clients we can do much, provided simply that they will listen to the beat of the music. Occasionally—not often—one comes who feels the music deep inside. How much time can you give us?"

"From ten to eight every day," Tod said.

Scutelli's eyes were lambent now, inspecting him.

"Perhaps we can help you," he said softly. . . .

But Tod had underestimated Gwen Barbour. She always meant exactly what she said—and consequently, even while Tod was performing for the great Scutelli, she had hastened to the sitting-room-office of one Hymie Yost, who wore silk polo shirts, one at a time, and changed them each four hours.

"Sweetheart!" Hymie roared, remembering she was rich, grabbing her, planting a kiss smack on her mouth.

"I'm impressed," Gwen said.

"Thank you," Hymie said modestly.

"It's not you. It's a man."

"Aw, *now*, honey!" Hymie protested.

"He dances," Gwen said.

"And I'm starting production of my new Fiesta in my own new theater," Hymie said sagely. "Do I scent some potatoes in this for me?"

"You need some?"

"Fifty grand certainly would lower my blood pressure," Hymie said soulfully—"for a quarter interest, of course."

GWEN announced briskly, "I'll shell out anything up to fifty grand—but you will put up dollar for dollar yourself. I'll take forty-nine per cent of the show in return."

"Sweetheart!" shrieked Hymie in delight. "We understand each other, and this dancer will be marvelous, naturally!"

Gwen shook her head. "You get my ante whether you think he's marvelous or not, and whether he goes into the show or not."

"That's better," Hymie said. "That way I can speak freely." . . .

Georges Lamarre had an inflexible rule requiring evening dress. Hymie Yost, however, wore tweeds and the inflexible rule crumbled. Gwen made introductions—and Tod's heart turned over. The entire world knew the name of Hymie Yost. Gwen hadn't been joking! Georges appeared, bowed low, rubbed his hands together, and palpitated all over.

"Perhaps monsieur would like some special selection."

Tod said bleakly, "Tell them to play Charro."

"At once, monsieur!"

The orchestra did begin practically at once—and, again to Tod's momentary consternation, the room was black except for a spotlight which found their table and except for the glowing floor.

"Well, come on," he told Curly Carmer.

In his half embrace she whispered, "Are we famous or something?"

Tod said harshly, "That French ape is getting an act for a supper check. That's all. We're not good enough to be paid, I think."

At the table, as the rumba ended—as the small thunder of applause broke the air again—Gwen leaned toward Hymie Yost.

"Well?"

Hymie's eyes were sad.

"He is better than average. Excellent, really. But not great. We require greatness. He lacks discipline."

"You and I are producing a show anyway," Gwen said.

Tod and Curly were there again, Tod's glance a question.

"Sorry," Hymie said.

Pablo suggested, "Let us have another bottle, eh?"

"A big one," Gwen agreed.

Tod was becoming very fond of Gwen. . . .

Daytimes, thereafter, he knew work such as he had never known before, and to his work he brought a quality of doggedness which aroused Scutelli's keen curiosity. Truth was that Tod, having been rejected by Hymie Yost, went on only because he had determined to do so. Scutelli personally took him in hand. The conventionalized routines of tap dancing: two hours daily. Acrobatics. Tangos. Waltzes. Dancing alone. Dancing with partners. One hour daily, as a minimum, Tod spent in Scutelli's private gymnasium, agonizingly stretching the muscles of his legs, kicking, developing his feet, exercising his entire body. Scutelli marveled. Ten o'clock till eight! Time out only to eat.

And after eight—every night—was a party—Curly

Carmer and Gwen Barbour and Pablo. With Curly, Tod fought more often than not. Their nerves tightened, screamed. But with Gwen he never fought. Gwen rested him. Tod liked it when, sometimes alone in her car, he found somehow he had put an arm round her shoulders. . . .

Gwen said demurely, "I'm thinking of getting married—again."

Tod studied her in the passing fans of light. A gal with dash and zip, vigor, laughter. Inconstant—but perhaps that had been true only because no man had brought to her the violence necessary to retain her.

"You're in an awful hurry."

"Think so?" Gwen said.

It was the following morning that Scutelli's curiosity became intolerable.

"Where you get your dough, eh?" he demanded. "I have said do not fret about payment for the lessons if it is inconvenient. Nevertheless you pay as you go."

Tod told where it came from.

Listening, Scutelli took on a peculiar expression. He added the hours. "That leaves six hours, maybe, for sleep. It is not sufficient."

"Make a suggestion," Tod said.

"I shall see a man—although you are not ready and you must keep on working with me. But perhaps—"

Yet almost a week passed before Tod, reporting, discovered two chairs in the bare practice room instead of one. Scutelli occupied the first, Hymie Yost the second.

"Is that it?"

Hymie indicated Tod as "it."

Scutelli said yes, and Hymie rose and started out.

"I've already seen it," he said. "Very sorry."

Scutelli's face went blank from rebuff and excitement. "See it again now," he said.

Hymie looked round, recognized the glow in Scutelli's eyes, and came back and sat down again. Tod had only one complete routine in which he was perfect. Miss Fonda came in wearing her evening dress and they danced that. Tod called it the Chariot Swing, and they swung it sweet and low and warm. When they had finished, Hymie said, "I never talk business out of my office. I feel safer there." He went out without looking back.

Miss Fonda tried the gowns on.

Scutelli had relaxed.

"I don't understand," Tod said.

"You get nothing but a chance," Scutelli said. "Hurry—you too, Miss Fonda."

At the theater Tod learned they would go on absolutely cold. A spot slam-bang in the middle of the show, lacking any connection with the thin but existent plot. A pale nervous young man took charge and worked them three frantic hours. A perspiring dressmaker arrived with a dozen gorgeous gowns, and Hymie shouted for Miss Fonda to try them all on, one at a time.

MISS FONDA turned her back, pulled her own dress over her head, and tried the evening gowns on one at a time. They left Miss Fonda at last in pink with a tight bodice and a graceful skirt that was enormously full at the bottom. She and Tod danced again, till the orchestra had their music set.

Then, "Go on home now, both of you," Hymie said.

Tod's spirit abruptly sank. Dress rehearsal was tonight, and they hadn't been required to attend it.

"Why so glum, Mr. Robinson, suh?" Curly asked softly that evening.

Tod started. "Excuse me."

Curly's inspection sharpened. For several weeks now she had thought he'd been looking tired and more tired. And now suddenly he looked very tired indeed, and a quick pain deep inside Curly told her she'd like to be very sweet to him at once.

She said, "Tonight I don't want any night clubs. Let's buy a bucketful of ice and some champagne and let's hire a horse and drive in the park with the top down."

Tod took his Rule Book out.

"Oh, that damn book!" Curly said.

But for once the Rules of Professional Escorts, Ltd., had nothing to say.

Tod formally bowed. "Let's go!"

The wheels of the barouche made an oddly languid, distinguished sound in the night air, penetrating the nervous throb of the city with quiet dignity as though the wheels moved in a world of their own which had died long ago but nevertheless had failed to die. Curly stretched her long beautiful legs out under her gown and under the lap robe she shared with Tod. Her head sagged backward, rested against the cushion.

AFTER a while she said softly, "Lookit the stars."

The stars seemed somehow crisp, now that autumn was here.

"Lots," Tod observed.

Curly said, "Do you love me?"

"Yes," Tod said before he remembered Rule No. 1: "Escorts positively will not make love in any manner to any client whatsoever under positively no circumstances."

"Then hold my hand," Curly said gladly. "Hold both my hands."

Tod held her hands. They were neither small nor soft, although smaller and excitingly softer than his own. Later they took the champagne out of the bucket of ice and drank it from the bottle. Then Tod held her hands again.

"I want to go home now," Curly said.

Tod had been inside her apartment many times, but always at the beginning of the evening and never at the end. Tonight, however, Curly refused to accept her key when Tod had unlocked the door.

"You just come on in where you belong and the hell with those rules for good and all," she said. "A girl needs attention."

"But not tonight."

Curly stood straight, no longer leaning toward Tod, even slightly.

"You"—she exploded—"are an obstinate, ridiculous fool! And this time I mean it! You needn't come back—ever!"

Tod was furious, too. "Is that *so?*" he snarled—not very brightly but the best he could do on the instant.

"Yes," Curly wept, "that's so! And—since it can't be you—it—it'll be Pablo!" she stormed, viciously slamming the door.

But less than an hour later, in Texas, Mr. "Bull" Carmer—who owned a small Vultee transport which cruised at better than two hundred miles an hour—was roused from his early snores by a telegram:

YOUR LITTLE DUCKIE WUCKIE MEANING ME AM RAPIDLY GOING NUTS STOP OUR FLEDGLING NAME OF CURLY CARMER HAS BEEN TAKING DANCING LESSONS CONTINUOUSLY AS PER PROMISE BUT IN NIGHT CLUBS NOT IN DANCING SCHOOL STOP HER TEACHER HAS BEEN THAT MAN STOP AND CURLY GETS MORE GOOGOO ABOUT HIM EVERY MINUTE BUT THEY FIGHT ALL THE TIME STOP LATEST IS SHE WILL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN WHICH IS OBVIOUSLY INSANE BECAUSE SHE TRIED THAT ONCE BEFORE AND IT LASTED ABOUT TWENTY SECONDS ALSO BECAUSE A CERTAIN BLONDE WILL PROBABLY GRAB HIM OFF IF BLONDE GETS THIS CHANCE STOP MY POOR NERVES OH OH STOP YOU BETTER GET HERE QUICK

MAMA

Tod slept till noon and when he waked, remembering Curly's denunciation, he didn't feel like getting up at all. The telephone, however, compelled him to do so. Curly's voice. Formal, icy. Demanding Pablo.

Tod searched the apartment. Last night Pablo must have been Gwen's escort, according to their alternation program; but, to Tod's surprise, Pablo had not returned.

"He's not here."

Tod ate breakfast, nervously read two magazines, and started for the theater. Curly had called once an hour. On the sidewalk he met Pablo.

"News!" the bogus count shouted enthusiastically. "Lend the two ears, my old fren! News of the most stupendous—"

"Later, Pablo," Tod said, and went past. Now Pablo could answer the telephone in person. Would soon be calling for Curly—taking her somewhere to dance. Alone. Or perhaps just calling.

When Tod's moment arrived he met Miss Fonda in her pink graceful dress in the middle of the stage. Hymie Yost's Fiesta! Opening night! The glittering sophisticated audience beyond the protective footlights failed to frighten Tod because the music had started before he left the wings and the music burst in and took possession of his mind. He danced the Chariot Swing as well as he could, and he thought Miss Fonda helped him competently. Then, because the audience thundered, they danced half the routine again. And then just a chorus. They took seven curtain calls after that, and parted, and Tod went back to the dressing room of the men's chorus, where he had been assigned a locker.

Tod hung around while the show went on and the chorus boys came and went. He thought Hymie Yost might have something to tell him, but Hymie neither appeared nor sent any word, and soon Tod became embarrassed and departed. He came out of the alley and noticed idly that some workmen were changing the glaring advertisement lights on the front of the theater, and he saw some parts of a new word or maybe two:

O OB SON

As Tod watched, the workmen added a few more letters, and then Tod began to tremble, for now the letters made:

TO ROBI SON

Well, there it was. "Tod Robinson," up in lights. Tod Robinson, sure now of doing the only thing he could really do. He wanted to cry, to shout. Tod Robinson, moving up! It was fine to be a man again. He spun about, failing to notice Hymie Yost amble out of the alley and wag a contract and shout. Tod had one arm flung up and he was running into the street.

"Taxi!" he yelled.

At Curly's door he didn't bother with the bell, but tried the knob. It turned. And he faced a scene which halted him. Pablo reclined at ease upon a sofa, and Curly stood in the middle of the rug, hopping up and down with rage, and crying. She turned, her face lighting up.

"D-darling!" she gasped, then pointed at Pablo. "Th-that man!"

"Hello, old pal," Pablo said uncertainly.

"What's he done?" Tod demanded.

"H-HE got my dinner r-ring! To admire it," Curly wailed. "And then he put it in his pocket and wouldn't give it back unless I invited him in here for a drink after we got home, and we came back early because I've been feeling s-simply terrible, and mama's out to a picture show account of her nerves, and n-now he wants some blackmail! Five thousand d-dollars!"

"It was just an idea," Pablo modestly said.

"I see," Tod said dangerously. "Uh—meet the wife."

"Eh?" said Pablo. He pointed: "You? Her?"

"Curly and I got married before I left Texas," Tod said.

Pablo rose. "I'll be going now," he observed politely.

"You bet you'll be going!" Tod said, grabbing him by the seat of the pants, marching him to the still open doorway, and flinging him out. Pablo alighted on his back, full length, then dazedly sat up. Approaching from the elevator, however, was a beefy purposeful individual in an unpressed suit. Bull Carmer.

"We meet again," Tod said, allowing Bull to shove past him. But in Curly's living room Tod remained standing. "Things are different now," he added.

"Yeah?" Bull said. "How?"

"Well, for instance, I haven't paid the rent on this apartment, but I'll be the one to pay it next month, and I'm living here now. With just my wife. Get out!"

He was aware, without directly looking at Curly, that her eyes seemed softer and brighter than ever.

But—"You start paying next month? Then it's next month I'll get out. Maybe!" Bull Carmer barked, forgetting himself, forgetting all his good resolutions, because Tod's tone was an unmistakable invitation to combat and Bull always accepted such invitations. It was the same tone which had prompted Bull's first bloody attack upon Tod in Texas—and consequently, hot all over, Bull Carmer charged. Which was ill-advised, because Tod brought his right foot up high and beautifully, and landed the hard toe of his brogue smack under Bull Carmer's chin and laid Bull out cold. Thereafter, with satisfaction, he dragged Bull also into the hallway.

WITHOUT rising, Pablo shook Bull till Bull groggily waked.

"How do you do?" Pablo inquired.

"Not so good," Bull admitted.

"Me neither," Pablo sorrowfully said. "Maybe we start a club, eh?"

Bull got up, tried Curly's door and discovered Tod had neglected to lock it, and inserted and feebly wagged a clean handkerchief.

"Scram!" Tod said.

"Aw, now!" Bull said. "We're even. Let's everybody not be mad any more."

Curly stepped out of Tod's arms and said weakly, "After all, he is my dearly beloved papa. Let him come in a minute anyway."

"Come on in," Tod said.

Bull brightened. So did Pablo. Both came in.

"You"—Tod said to Pablo—"again?"

Pablo lifted both hands and glowed. "Ah, my old fren! I but wish to extend congratulations. You are married! Colossal! Old Pablo he is married also!"

A voice snapped from his rear: "And *this!* This is where I find you!"

In the doorway stood Gwen Barbour. She had a black eye and she was seething.

"*Chiquita!*" Pablo exclaimed, and opened his arms wide. "My bride!"

"Goodness!" Curly said. "No kidding?"

"Last night we marry," Pablo admitted shyly, "account of the beautiful Gwen discovers she cannot live without old Pablo's clever remarks."

"It won't last," Curly assured him. "She flirts."

"It will last all right," Pablo stoutly said, "because whenever she looks at another man I will give to her another black eye—as was necessary during our honeymoon dancing party. It is an old Mexican custom."

"Yah!" Gwen said with concentrated bitterness, swung from her hip, and slugged Pablo like a small mule. He staggered backward, hit a sofa, and collapsed upon it.

"And what happens when you have looked at another woman?" Tod inquired. "As tonight?"

Pablo removed a tender hand from his own rapidly blackening right optic. "I must admit," he moaned disconsolately, "that old Pablo did not think of that."

Gwen knelt beside him. "Does it hurt, darling?"

"And doubtless you two will live happily ever after," Tod said. "Bah!" Then, since they didn't depart, he took Curly into the little-used kitchen, which was dark.

Pablo coughed, taking the hint. Bull also got it.

"Let's everybody except them go out and have some drinks," Bull suggested—"on me."

And thus it was that shortly thereafter, when mama returned from her picture show, she entered a totally silent apartment. Thus it was that mama headed promptly for the kitchen and her midnight snack which kept her so fat, and turned on the kitchen lights. And thus it was that, at what she saw, mama's eyes bulged happily out.

"Cripes!" said mama. "My children!"

THE END

Get Your Breakfast-Table News the Night Before!

Paul Sullivan, rapidly becoming one of the best known and most widely followed news commentators, speaks over WLW from Monday to Friday nights at 11 P. M., E. S. T., and 10 P. M., C. S. T. Get the latest news before you go to bed by tuning in on WLW, Cincinnati, the nation's station, 700 kilocycles on the dial.

Don't Miss Liberty's New Radio Feature

THE DAY THEY CELEBRATE TOO

How Some Famous Children Will Share Christmas Joys with the Rest of the World

by ELEANOR PEGWHISTLE

READING TIME — 7 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THAT wasn't thunder you heard in the sky. That was the sound of reindeer hoofs on a lane of frost-bright stars. That wasn't a wind you heard in the night. That was the sound of a great toy-laden sleigh whishing through the clouds, and the beating of wings, and the chiming of far-off joyous bells, and the half-heard prayers and sighs of children shepherding their dreams.

It is such a task for boys and girls to keep vigil over their dreams.

It is so weary a wait until Christmas morning; and there are so many wolves of doubt and fear and disappointment to be kept from the pasture where the thin dreams graze.

Some little eyes will fill with wonder on the morning of the great day; and some will shine with happiness; and some will fill with tears.

There will be a merry morning in the White House. President Roosevelt will have wrapped all the gifts, as he has always done, and will superintend their delivery.

There will be gifts for every one in the place, and especially for the children, Curtis and Eleanor Dall, and Sarah Roosevelt, and Baby Kate. There will be a great tree, trimmed and lighted and hung with wonderful delightful shiny things. Last year there was an eighteen-foot tree in the East Room, and another in the second-floor hall.

There will be gorgeous things to eat. And after

dark, with all the family gathered safe around him, the President of the United States will read aloud Charles Dickens's Christmas Carol, which is the story of a Christmas Day in another land and another age—a story that is almost a legend.

Last year the little princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose celebrated Christmas with their grandparents, King George and Queen Mary, in Sandringham House. They found their gifts from old Father Christmas at the base of a great tree in the ballroom, attended simple services in the village church, and stuffed themselves with turkey and plum pudding after they came home. King George is dead, but his granddaughters will not be sad this Christmas. They will not lack for wondrous gifts, nor the sight of a rich tree trimmed, nor the sputter and warmth of a yule log burning, nor the sound of bells and the singing of Christmas carols.

Last year Queen Elena of Italy gathered her children and grandchildren about her near a creche in which were tiny figures of the Christ child and Mary, His mother, and Joseph, His foster father, and the shepherds who had heard the angels singing "Peace on earth," and the three wise kings who had followed the star and journeyed to Bethlehem with gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

This year she will bring them all together once more; and there will be rich gifts, and blessings of all kinds—but no Christmas tree. It is not Italian to celebrate with trees.

In snowbound Canada five little ladies will open their eyes to a tremendous surprise prepared for them by their own Santa Claus, Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe. There will be gifts for each little Dionne quintuplet from people in all parts of the Christian world. It will be their first real Christmas—since now they are grown up enough to understand it.

There will be trees lit up in Hollywood, and holly wreaths, and flaming big poinsettias everywhere, and cribs in the churches, and Hollywood Boulevard festooned gaily, crazily, gaudily, and hundreds of voices singing in the big open-air bowl, and all the toys you can imagine heaped up for each little moving-picture actor and actress.

HUNDREDS of Shirley Temple's gifts have already been delivered by Santa. They have come from all over the world. There will be more too. Perhaps no little girl who ever lived gets so many presents every year as Shirley.

Shirley will decorate her own tree this year. It stands thirty feet up from the front yard of her new home in Santa Monica. It will take at least two hundred candles, and bales and bales of ornaments, to dress it properly.

It will be her first outdoor tree, and thousands of people will come just to look at it.

Shirley has already bought presents for her parents, her two brothers, her friends, and several hundred poor children. What does she want most from Santa? And does she believe in the old man?

She does believe in him, and all she wants is "to be surprised."

Jane Withers will celebrate with a housewarming in her new home in West Los Angeles, and has invited Jackie Searl, Jackie Hughes, Donald and Phyllis Henderson, Gloria Fisher, and Barbara Sharpe. She will entertain them with a puppet show and her own impersonations. She has made dozens of Christmas gifts for friends. All she wants for herself is a "baby lamb."

Freddie Bartholomew, Spanky McFarland, and the scores and scores of other boy starlets will each have cause to remember this Christmas, you may be sure.

But there's never any snow in Hollywood, or Santa Monica or Beverly Hills, except on the mountains. And Christmas never seems like Christmas to boys and girls who are used to snow in winter, and frost on windowpanes.

Millions of other children will be given presents—dolls, skates, drums, toy soldiers, books, games, bright balls—each wrapped in fine tissue paper and tied with broad red and gold and green silk ribbons and silver and gold string.

ALL the big stores in all the cities of the United States and Canada are crowded with shoppers. Some stores have a real live Santa who takes down your name and asks if you've been a good boy, or girl, and what you'd like best for Christmas. And the counters are piled with such exquisite wonderful beautiful toys that it is exciting merely to look at them. They make you hold your breath. And you must keep your eyes wide open. If you blink, they all may vanish.

In the big cities there are signs to look at. But nowhere are there such splendid signs as in Paris. These are fairy stories written in colored neon or electric lights. They flame up in the dark sky, overflowing with joy for all children, rich or poor.

It is something of Christmas just to stand and stare at them a little while—as the children in the Holy Land stand and stare at the bonfires lighted by pilgrims in the hills.

Children who have no mothers and fathers, and children in asylums and institutions and hospitals and slums, are waiting for Christmas too, as eagerly as your own; but perhaps not with such trusting confidence.

The Salvation Army, charitable organizations in general, and the police of many cities will do what they can for these little ones, as they have done for years—filling empty stockings, empty pantries, empty bellies, giving warm clothes and, it may be, a toy that has been bought, or donated, or repainted and repaired since it was thrown away last year.

One American child, far from home, may have a real Christmas in this year of 1936. He was robbed of it last year when his parents, fearing for his safety in his native land, fled to England with him. Last year he spent Christmas on a ship at sea—little Jon Lindbergh, whose father flew the ocean all alone, going from New York to Paris, in 1927.

Chimes from Jerusalem, from Rome, from Berlin, from Paris, and from London will usher in the day over the radio—chimes and the singing of Adeste Fideles at midnight Masses all over Christian Europe, except in Russia and in Spain.

By grace of a new law there will be Christmas trees in

A War-Bird's-Eye View of Battle, Murder, and Sudden Death in Central America

HELL OVER NICARAGUA

By MAJOR WILLIAM C. BROOKS
Flying Soldier of Fortune
and
KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS
who "Flew for the Hell of It"
and who covered Ethiopia for Liberty

It's one continuous machine-gun stream of thrills—and smiles—like these: "We had a bodyguard—sixty men—to keep us from getting our throats cut. . . . You touched your cigarette to the fuse, tossed the bomb over, and hoped for the worst. . . . I dived at them and ladled out buckshot. They thought it was their own bullets falling back on them. . . . My wheels touched the ground—and all those guns fired at me point-blank."

A Ground-and-Lofty Real-Life Adventure Story Beginning

IN LIBERTY NEXT WEEK

the land of the Soviets, but not on Christmas Day, not until New Year's Day will Russian children enjoy a Christmas tree.

There may be a day's truce in Spain, as there was a truce last year in Abyssinia. No fighting. An extra dessert, if possible. An extra hour's sleep. Heads bent in prayer, voices singing "Peace on earth, good will to men."

The day after Christmas bombs will fall again.

A blizzard in Moscow. Rain in Paris. Fog in London. Snow and wind in New York and Chicago and Detroit. Sunshine in Los Angeles and San Francisco and Albuquerque and New Orleans and Warm Springs. And a merry, merry Christmas to you all!

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

by OLIVER SWIFT

★★★★ U. S. CAMERA 1936. Edited by T. J. Maloney. William Morrow & Co.
A truly marvelous collection of camera studies, each page a worth-while contribution to art.

★★★ THE FRENCH QUARTER by Herbert Asbury. Alfred A. Knopf.
An interesting study of one of the most romantic underworlds in the United States. Not only sound history but entertaining reading. And this is one of the loveliest pieces of bookmaking we have seen in a long time.

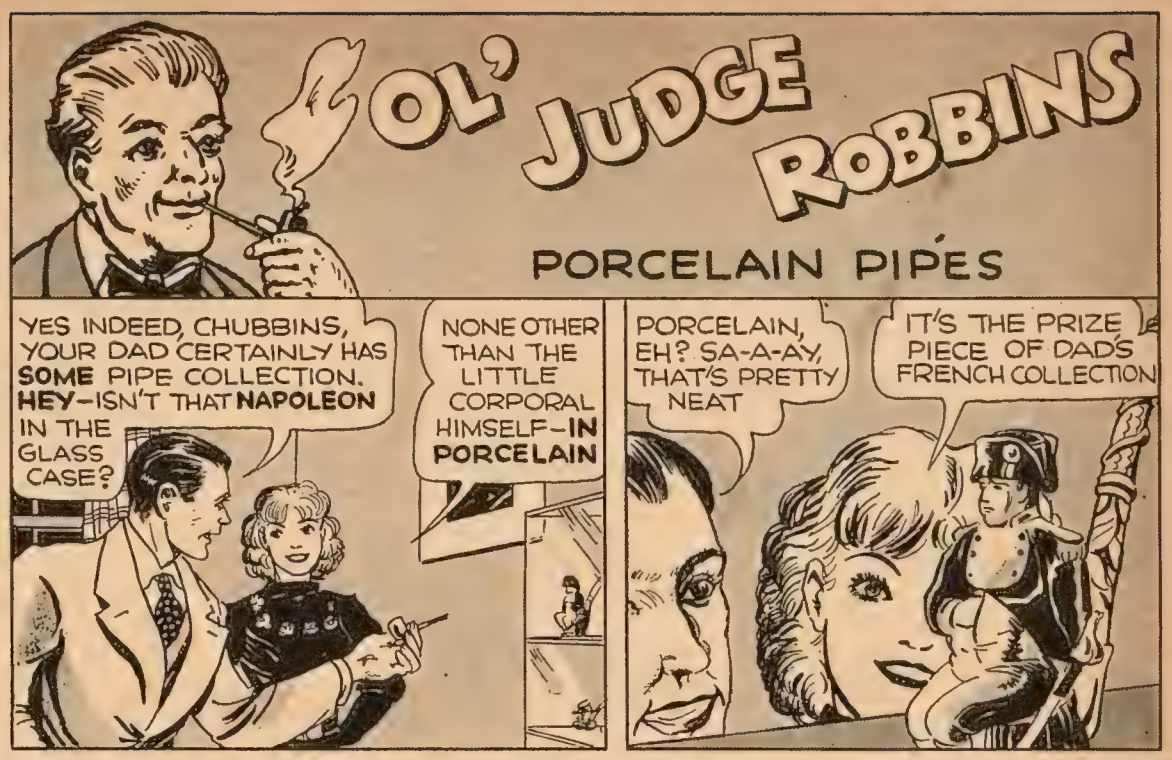
★★½ THE STONES AWAKE by Carleton Beals. J. B. Lippincott Company.
The story of Esperanza and how she emerges from illiterate serfdom in her little mountain village in Mexico to become an intelligent young woman, active in the struggles of her countrymen. The story of this village is the story of all Mexico.

★★½ YOU NEVER CAN TELL by Elisabeth Sears. Green Circle Books.
An error in hospital records results in a far-reaching and entertaining tale of mistaken identity.

★★ EXCUSE IT, PLEASE! By Cornelia Otis Skinner. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Ordinary people and events made important by the author's keen observation and witty pen.

★★ THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES — 1936. Edward J. O'Brien. Houghton Mifflin Company.
Mr. O'Brien prepares another collection—this time of British short stories—that may appeal to certain types of writer, student, and teacher, as well as to the general reader who goes in for stories that tell no stories.

★★ HEIDELBERG AND THE UNIVERSITIES OF AMERICA, compiled by Charles C. Burlingham, James Byrne, Samuel Seabury, and Henry L. Stimson. The Viking Press.
A valuable addition to the historical records of modern education—telling the story to Americans of the controversy between the English and German universities.


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
PORCELAIN PIPES
YES INDEED, CHUBBINS, YOUR DAD CERTAINLY HAS SOME PIPE COLLECTION. HEY—ISN'T THAT NAPOLEON IN THE GLASS CASE?
NONE OTHER THAN THE LITTLE CORPORAL HIMSELF—IN PORCELAIN
PORCELAIN, EH? SA-A-AY, THAT'S PRETTY NEAT
IT'S THE PRIZE PIECE OF DAD'S FRENCH COLLECTION
THIS IS A SOUVENIR PIPE. THE GENTLEMEN OBVIOUSLY DID NOT BELIEVE IN RAZORS DURING THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR
NO GUESSING ABOUT THIS, EITHER. A TROOPER WITH HIS BUGLE FORMING THE PIPE-BOWL
HE'S MY FAVORITE OF ALL THE PIPES IN DAD'S WHOLE COLLECTION
JUDGE, I BET YOU COULD GO FOR A YEAR WITHOUT SMOKING THE SAME PIPE TWICE
JUST ABOUT—BUT EVERY ONE WOULD BE PACKED WITH PRINCE ALBERT
THAT'S MY SENTIMENT, TOO. SMOKING P.A. I CAN GO FROM ONE END OF THE YEAR TO THE OTHER, GETTING FULL ENJOYMENT OUT OF MY PIPE AND NEVER HAVING IT BITE MY TONGUE
THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE IT

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Wendel TELLS ALL—

"MY 44 DAYS OF KIDNAPING, TORTURE, AND HELL IN THE LINDBERGH CASE"

"Put Them in Jail"... A New Revelation: the Case of the Governor's Letter

by PAUL H. WENDEL

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

ON February 24, Wendel says, "Bill" and "Hank" took him in a car from the Brooklyn cellar to the home of Ellis Parker, Sr., in Mount Holly, New Jersey. There Parker flatly refused to make any effort to catch Bill and Hank. He said he had taken Wendel's "confession" to Governor Hoffman, and added, "I'm going to place you under arrest. I'll hide you away for a few days." He required Wendel to dictate a statement that Wendel was willing to stay in his custody "until the investigation is concluded."

The hiding place proved to be the State Hospital for the Insane and Epileptic, at New Lisbon. When the younger Parker drove Wendel there, Parker, Sr., and Mrs. Bading went along in the car, and it was trailed by a man known to Parker. After the others had left Wendel at the hospital this man introduced himself to him as George Thomas.

PART FIVE—"I'LL SEND YOUR SOUL INTO HELL!"

"LET'S be agreeable," this Thomas suggested. I noticed that he had brought a bag with him which contained an extra shirt and a pair of trousers. That night he taught me a card game known as Hasenpfeffer—a game which I have since taught to every detective who has stood guard over me.

At last I had comfortable quarters, plenty of good air, a bathroom, and a fine bed. But I could not sleep. All the episodes of the past ten days passed rapidly before my closed eyes—and dropped into their proper places.

Take the matter of Parker's frequent visits to New York during the week when my captors were continually going uptown to see the big boss. Why, I don't believe Ellis Parker had been in New York City on Sunday afternoon before in his life! And the story Bill had told me about it being a high Jersey police official who was behind the whole proposition — and that somebody from Jersey had put the finger on me that day in front of the hotel.

Of course I knew that the slender man in the spectacles and false mustache couldn't have been the old man, but it might well have been Ellis, Jr.—especially as "somebody who knew all about the matter" was always outside my door. I didn't forget, either, that one glimpse I had had of the slim man in the glasses and the mustache pulling the torture rope.

Then, too, the whole theory of the crime to which I was required to subscribe was the one Parker, Sr., had been trying to put over for four years, as against the Schwarzkopf-Wilentz theory that the whole job was done by one man who got the baby and fell from the ladder on the way down. I had recognized this fact at the time, but now it had a different significance.

That remark of Hank's about his trying to pick me up at the Rector Street address also came back to me. I told you I had not got around to telling my family about that address. That was true. But I had told Parker, or rather Anna Bading, whom he had sent to me in New York on January 14, 1936. I had given her this Rector Street address as a safe place to which messages in code could be sent. Nobody else in Jersey knew of this address.

Finally, there was the matter of my supposed visit with my boy to my sister in the Bronx, which was cut out of the confession on "the boss's orders." No one but some very intimate friend of mine would know that I had not seen my sister for over five years, and that therefore this statement must have been put in as a trap.

I learned afterward that Parker had called my son over to the house after I had written this draft of the confession, told him that I was in trouble and said that he was trying to help me, and then asked him casually if he and I had been to see his aunt in the Bronx.

I didn't know then, either, about Bill's brother, David Blee-

The Parkers, son and father, at the height of the Wendel turmoil.

"He turned on me like a tiger. 'I warn you I will send your soul into hell if you don't do as I say!'"

feld, being at the prison farm in Burlington County, and Bill's having got acquainted with Parker when he was trying to get him transferred to that place from the state's prison. Neither did I know that the records of the telephone company would show calls from Parker's private phone, Mount Holly 710, to phones in the Sheepshead Bay district of Brooklyn, and vice versa, during the period of my incarceration.

No, I didn't know how far the Parkers were involved in this matter, but the facts I did know convinced me that, legally and strategically, I was no better off here in New Lisbon than I had been in the Brooklyn cellar. Therefore I determined to continue what I had already begun—namely, the preparation of a case which would be so strong that when I presented it, not to Ellis Parker but to David Wilentz, it would not only exonerate me but bring fitting punishment on all concerned in this dastardly plot, no matter how high their official positions might be.

Naturally, too, I was disturbed by Parker's frequent use of Governor Hoffman's name. I felt sure that the governor knew nothing of the plot which had resulted in my kidnaping and torture. I wondered, as I lay there, whether he knew anything at all about me.

Governor Hoffman. Wendel quotes him as advising "Dear Ellis" to "lock up the whole Wendel family."

Had Ellis Parker really taken the supposed confession to the governor, as he said he had?

Would he go to him again, as he promised, and tell him of my present situation?

I didn't have to wait long for the answer. Shortly after one the next day, Parker, Sr., came up the steps and motioned me into the bedroom.

"I sent Ellis over to Trenton this morning," he began, "to tell the governor that you had arrived in Mount Holly and that I had taken you over here to the colony."

Perhaps he saw the skeptical look in my eyes, for he then did a foolish thing.

"Look here, doc," he said, taking a letter out of his pocket, "Look at this."

I took the letter. The first paragraph read as follows:

Dear Ellis:

I have gone over the route stated in the confession, and find it a direct route to the Lindbergh estate. My advice to you is to lock up the whole family and put them in jail.

The name signed was "Harold G. Hoffman, Governor"!

"It would be a crime, Ellis," I exclaimed, "to lock up Mrs. Wendel and the children!"

"I know," he said. "I think maybe you'd better change the confession and leave out that part where you say the whole family took care of the baby."

"Fine!"

I knew that if I made that change in the confession it would seriously weaken its structure; but apparently Parker didn't. This encouraged me to try another idea:

"If we rewrite the confession, Ellis, I want to put in the statement that I will go before the Court without an attorney and plead *non vult*."

My reason for suggesting this move was that I felt sure, once he had in his possession a document which said I would plead guilty without advice of counsel, he would take the confession straight to Prosecutor of the Pleas Eastwood of Burlington County. I knew that Eastwood and Parker were friends, but I felt sure that Eastwood would consider it his duty to act at once to arraign me before a proper tribunal where I would have a chance to tell my story.

The offer to plead that way didn't mean a thing, because, according to the laws of the State of New Jersey—which I, as a lawyer, well knew, and Eastwood would also know—a prisoner is not allowed to plead guilty to a charge of murder in the first degree, which I felt sure was the charge they would bring against me.

Parker usually prided himself on his knowledge of the law, but he swallowed this idea as the hungry fish does the bait. Immediately he sent to Mount Holly for Anna Bading, who arrived about five o'clock with Ellis, Jr.

"Well," I said, after we were all ready, "if I make these changes in the confession, what assurance have I that my family will not be arrested?"

"You can trust me. You know I like your whole family. The governor will protect them, too."

I then demanded to see my wife and my old friend and attorney John Kafes, in whose office I had studied law. Parker said that he couldn't bring Kafes, because the governor didn't want any outsider to know where I was, but that Anna could bring Mrs. Wendel the next day.

I LOOKED from one to another of that group of three old and supposedly tried friends.

"You know," I began solemnly, standing and raising my right arm, "that I am a man of God. I now call Almighty God to this room, and in His presence I say to all of you that I had nothing to do with the Lindbergh kidnaping; that I was at home with my family on the night of March 1, 1932; that I was never on the Lindbergh property, and did not at that time know where the property was. I will make these changes and I will sign this confession because you say it is the only way I can protect my family, but I will first dictate to Anna Bading a complete repudiation of the whole thing, setting forth the kidnaping of February 14 and the treatment I received in that Brooklyn cellar, and I make it a condition of my making these changes that you deliver one copy of this repudiation statement to my wife and one copy to Governor Hoffman."

Parker seemed taken aback, but I suppose he thought he might as well humor me, for he said to go ahead. After all, dictation is one thing, delivery is another!

Mrs. Wendel never got the statement, nor did Governor Hoffman. Neither did anybody else—since Anna Bading didn't even bother to transcribe it until she was ordered to do so on demand of the Mercer County Grand Jury. She then wrote a copy from her notes, which bore out in every detail my contention that I had previously, in her presence, repudiated the confession.

When Anna Bading had finished typing the new copy of the confession and had said she would type the repudiation the next day and bring it to me, Parker asked me to write a note for him to Mrs. Wendel.

"Why?" I asked.

"To tell her to go along with me in this matter."

That phrase "go along" gave me another idea. Long ago, my wife and I had agreed that if either of us ever got into any trouble where we couldn't talk to each other frankly, we would use that phrase "go along" to indicate that we needed help. I therefore jumped at the chance to send her this note.

SHE got it all right. In fact, it was the only thing she did get of all the messages they promised to deliver to her. But she was so sure, as I had been, that Ellis Parker was my friend that it never occurred to her that I was giving her a warning. If it had, I am sure she would have sent for John Kafes and had a writ of habeas corpus sworn out for me.

I am not sure that it would have done any good. Parker told me in so many words that he would not recognize any such writ; that he would say that I was not within his jurisdiction and he didn't know where I was.

Before the Parkers left, I again urged that they notify the attorney general and J. Edgar Hoover in Washington and the prosecuting officials in Brooklyn.

"Now, Paul," he said, "you've got nothing to worry about. You'll be out of here as soon as I make the investigation. Then you'll be free."

By this time I didn't believe anything he said. However, I felt it was up to me to do everything I could to further an investigation of the Brooklyn affair. I therefore gave him the cleaning tags that were in my coat and overcoat, retaining the one that was in my trousers. But he tossed them on the bureau almost without looking at them. "No one could trace those," he said.

The Brooklyn authorities did later trace them right to the tailoring and cleaning establishment, and found the tailor who remembered the blood spots on the shoulder—evidence which was very important in substantiating my story and bringing the kidnapers into custody.

That night, turning over in my mind the events which had occurred since my transfer from illegal imprisonment in Brooklyn to illegal imprisonment in Jersey, I could not see how I could have acted in any way differently. I knew, of course, that I was being detained in a state institution for the insane without the holding of any of the hearings or the execution of any of the papers which must legally precede any such commitment. But what could I do? This man was a police officer. To resist him was a crime. I was already in a tight spot because of my alleged confession. My only hope was to watch and wait.

Meanwhile I had made such efforts as I could to build up a case which would sooner or later tell my true story to the world.

About ten the following morning Anna Bading came over from Mount Holly with a new copy of the confession and asked me to sign it. She explained that the part about pleading *non vult* without the advice of an attorney was bad and would have to come out. I wondered who detected the legal point; I think I know. I took the

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

Quite aside from the exciting nature of the narrative in this chapter of Mr. Wendel's story, Mr. Thatcher Colt, famous Chief of Police, finds this installment more than ever interesting because it purports to show how a state institution, supported by the taxpayers' money, was used for what seems, according to the author's version, an extralegal purpose.

Mr. Wendel had not been brought before any proper tribunal when, as he says, he was taken to the State Hospital for the Insane and Epileptic, sixteen miles from Mount Holly, Ellis Parker's home in Burlington County, New Jersey. He had not been committed by any legal process to that institution or any other.

Did Ellis Parker—granting his sincere belief at the time that Wendel was the actual kidnaper of the Lindbergh baby—have the right to order the superintendent of that insane asylum to hold a citizen there against his will?

Did the superintendent act in accordance with his obligations to his office and to the people of the state when he carried out Parker's alleged instructions?

Thatcher Colt thinks that these questions, so far as your and his happiness and safety are concerned, transcend the fate of any one man—even though that man was at the time a suspect in the world's most famous case.

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confession from her and signed it.

"What about the repudiation statement?" I asked.

"I haven't had time to copy it," she said, "but I'll give it to Mrs. Wendel when I see her tomorrow." Then she added: "Paul, this will work out all right. You know Parker is your friend."

"He'd better be!" I replied.

At Mount Holly, and later at New Lisbon, I had repeatedly urged the Parkers to do something about letting me keep the Wednesday evening date I had made with the kidnaper Hank. But each time I had mentioned it, Ellis, Sr., had pooh-poohed it.

"Forget it, doc," he would say. "They were just kidding you. They'd never meet you."

I admitted that he might be right. Still, in a case like this it didn't seem wise to overlook anything; and I so expressed myself. But Parker just laughed.

This Wednesday night, however, Parker put on one of the silliest opéra-bouffe scenes I have ever witnessed. Ellis, Jr., had gone to New York, he said, and would be at the Martinique Hotel at eight o'clock, the time I was to have met Hank on the pretense of helping him with his counterfeiting scheme. I was to call up the hotel and have Hank paged under the name he had given me, and the moment he started for the telephone booth to answer the call, Ellis, Jr., would arrest him.

I WENT through the form, but without hope of getting an answer. While I was talking with the hotel operator, Parker went into the other room and listened on the extension. When she reported that she couldn't find the man, he bounded back with a smile on his face.

"See, what did I tell you?" he sneered.

"That was no test," I replied. "If he was there, he'd have been afraid to answer."

"That's ridiculous!" he replied, and left, well pleased with himself.

The next day Parker, Sr., didn't show up at all. I assumed that he had gone to Brooklyn as planned; but when I asked him on the following day if he had completed his investigation, he ignored the question and began telling me why he couldn't release me on this day, as he had promised. Naturally, I protested and renewed my demands to be turned over to the proper authorities.

"Now listen," he said. "The governor won't permit me to release you or turn you over to the state police."

"I demand to be let go," I replied.

"Now, Paul, I am your friend and want to help you."

"I don't need your help at all. I want you to set me free. Did you or didn't you make the investigation?"

"That avenue in Brooklyn," he parried, "is a long avenue. You can't expect me to break into every house. Besides, your life isn't worth anything right now. That mob'd kill you if I let you loose."

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CONTAINING VITAMIN A

"I'll take care of that," I retorted.

The whole thing was becoming increasingly clear to me. He meant that I should take the rap for the Lindbergh murder and thus save his and the governor's face.

It was at this point that I determined to get possession, if possible, of the letter from the governor. I asked him if he still had it. He pulled it out of his coat pocket. I read it through carefully:

February 28, 1936.

Ellis H. Parker, Esq.,
Chief of County Detectives,
Mount Holly, N. J.

Dear Ellis:

I have gone over the route stated in the confession, and find it a direct route to the Lindbergh estate. My advice to you is to lock up the whole family and put them in jail.

I want you to come to Trenton Wednesday or Thursday of this week, and we will see Judge Trenchard together. You are to be congratulated on your catch.

I am sending this letter with Ellis, Jr., so that you will receive it promptly.

Sincerely,
(Signed) Harold G. Hoffman, Governor.

"WELL, Ellis," I said, "what does Governor Hoffman say now about locking up my wife and children?"

"He's satisfied to leave 'em alone! Now, Paul, I can fix it so you can make a million dollars. You know how I hate the state police. I want you to do this for me. If Governor Hoffman has a chance to produce what the public will think is the real kidnaper, it will make the courts of the United States look ridiculous and make a laughingstock out of Wilentz and Schwarzkopf and Hauck, and it'll make Hoffman the biggest man in the United States—Vice-President, maybe President."

"And what'll it make you?"

"Head of the G-men," he replied.

"I demand my release," I said.

He turned on me like a tiger. "I warn you I will send your soul into hell if you don't do as I say!"

"You can't if I tell the truth."

"What difference does that make? I've been a detective forty years. The public will believe me, not you."

"Ellis, you don't know what you're saying. I have been beaten, tortured. You have seen my bruises—"

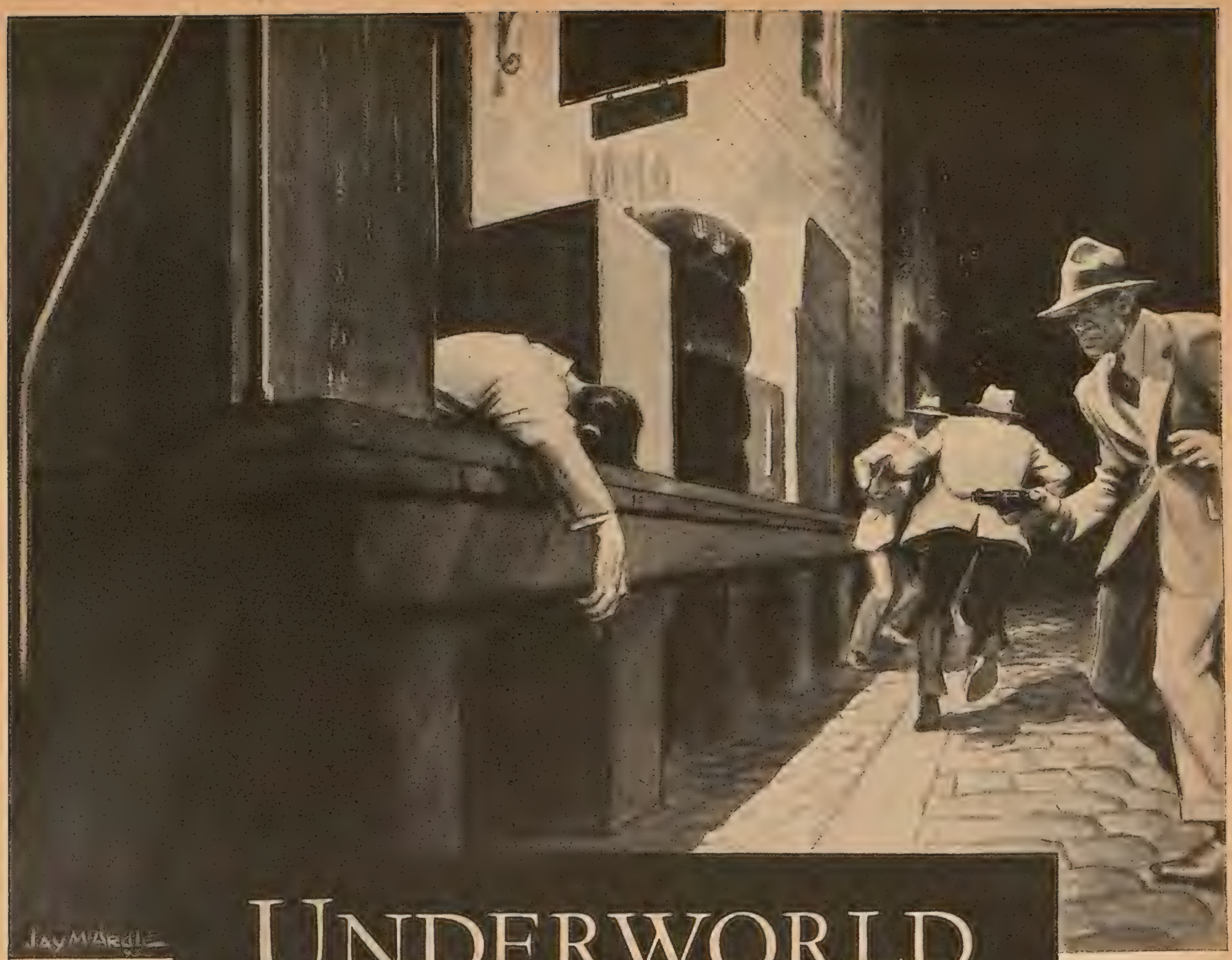
"I don't give a —— —— about that! You are going to do as I say."

"I demand to be turned over to Attorney General Wilentz."

"You are under arrest, and it will be too damn bad if you try to escape."

With that he rushed angrily out of the room. He had quite forgotten the governor's letter, which I had long since tucked safely into my pocket.

What steps did Parker take to get that letter back—and was he completely successful? Why was the guard over Wendel doubled, then trebled? Who demanded that he profess to have been insane? Read Wendel's answers in Liberty next week!



UNDERWORLD NIGHTS

ILLUSTRATION BY JAY McARDLE

They killed a watchman that night. One of the gangsters did the job. He was drunk.

It was Mildred Harris and Cokey Flo, underworld women, who enabled Prosecutor Dewey to send Luciano to Sing Sing.

A Chronicle of "Ways that Are Dark"—More Inside Stories of Crime as It Stalks Our Cities

by EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

SOME years ago," Mildred Harris said, "Philadelphia was a wide-open town. Everything went—gambling, prostitution, rackets, crimes of all kinds. The boss of the underworld ran the burg. But a reform administration came into power some years ago. The city was closed. Now New York big shots run the town—and gambling and crime have come back."

"The old boss is dead," Flo said. "It's a love story."

Taking turns, they proceeded to tell it. The boss, it seems, was a genius in his way. His organization was practically perfect. He did about as he pleased. He was as ruthless a man as ever lived.

There was a gun fight, and a man was wounded. It raised a big uproar. He called in his mob.

"You guys mixed up in this shooting," he said, "you better lam. Go South. Come back when this blows over."

"But I didn't have anything to do with it," a fledgling gangster said. "I didn't even have a gat on me."

"But you were there," the boss said. "Lam!"

The boy went South. He met a girl. She was a Russian on a farm—a pretty kid with great brown eyes. She didn't know anything about crime or vice or rackets. He married her, and took her back to Philadelphia.

It wasn't for months that she found out. Then she talked of leaving him. But she loved him too much.

"You'll have to quit. I won't be married to a thief."

She was going to be a mother soon. He felt he must be gentle with her. He told her finally that he'd try to quit, but the boss might not let him.

"Once you're in," he told her, "you're in. When you get out, your friends do the work—with spades."

She was frantic—but she insisted he must quit, even if he had to die. He went to the boss.

"I don't want to quit," he said, "but I got to. What can I do? She keeps after me all the time. It's

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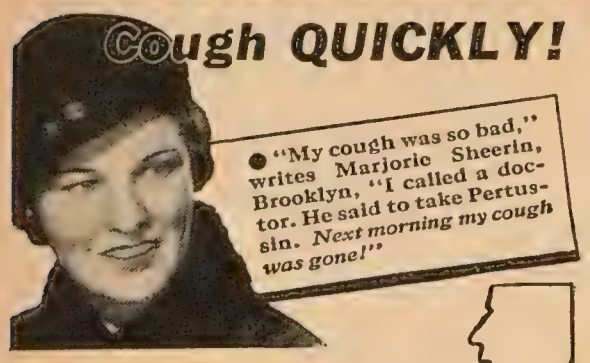

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ruining her health. She's lost twenty pounds. That ain't doin' the baby any good."

The boss smiled and shook the boy's hand. "Sure, kid," he said. "I understand. Women are hell, ain't they? Well, you're a free man, as far as I'm concerned. But do one more job for me. A pay-roll job. Since there's a kid coming, you'll need a stake. Do this job tonight and—well, it's a little present from me."

They killed a watchman that night. One of the gangsters who went with the boy did the job. It was unnecessary. The killer was drunk. He left half a dozen clues.

The cops rounded up the gang, the boy with them, and threw them all in the "can."

Further revealing glimpses into the infernal depths of that underworld whose only law is "Come across—or else!" will be given by Cokey Flo and Mildred Harris in an early issue of Liberty.

The boss told his pet lawyer to "spring" everybody but the boy. The boy must be framed. He was going to quit the organization, wasn't he?

It was the lawyer's job to make the boy plead guilty and exonerate his pals. "Son," he said, "I'm sorry. I'm terribly sorry. But all these fellows arrested with you say you killed that watchman."

"But I didn't," the boy protested. "I didn't!"

"Take it easy, lad," the mouthpiece soothed him. "We'll get you out of this. You know the boss. Sit tight. But remember—it's their word against yours."

Day after day he kept at the boy: "Don't worry. Take the rap. It's the easiest way. Plead guilty. You may get the chair, but you won't fry. After the trial we'll get you an airtight alibi. I'll have you sprung within thirty days after you go up. What do you say?"

AS often as she could the little Russian girl came to his cell. "The lawyer's working for you, darling," she'd say. "I trust him. Do what he says. It's wrong, but it's wise. It's our only hope."

"But I can't plead guilty! I didn't kill him."

"For my sake," she begged. "For the baby's sake."

"All right," he consented finally. "For your sakes. But—I don't trust the boss. I know him."

He took the rap. The lawyer told him not to worry. The boss told him not to. The bride told him. Even in the death house they kept telling him not to worry. But he went to the chair.

The little Russian is a prostitute now, a drug addict. Her baby was born dead. She lives for but one thing now. Revenge. Some day, I know, she'll kill that man.

The boss—this same boss—was in love with a very pretty girl. She was from a small town. A Philadelphia boy had seduced her, lured her to the city, and then sold her.

Perhaps that shocks you. But thousands of girls are sold into the underworld every year! This one was terribly in love with the man who seduced her, until he tricked her into a life of prostitution. He had a friend who used to come to the house. One night this man walked in and said her "husband" had been arrested, and needed five hundred dollars to get out of jail. She was wild with anxiety and grief.

"I'd do anything," she cried, "anything I could, to get the money he needs!"

"Well," the man said, "if you go to Madame A's house she'll give you work as an entertainer. In a few weeks you can get five hundred dollars, even more."

She knew what entertainers were—girls who sang and danced in night clubs. She went immediately to see Madame A. And that was that.

HER eyes were opened before the first night was ended. It sickened her; but she must earn five hundred dollars. She stayed until that sum was hers according to Madame A's books. When she asked for it, Madame A laughed.

"Those two men lied to you," she said. "Your lover never went to jail. You've been trapped. You were sent here to make money for him. Don't be a sap. Stay."

She stayed. The boss met her there, and fell hard for her. "I'm going to give you a house of your own," he said, "the swellest in town."

"Oh!" she said.

Dreams of happiness came into her silly head. Maybe he would marry her.

"I'd rather have a little place in the country," she said. "One with a yard where I can grow flowers, where I can keep chickens. Just a little cottage."

He laughed. "You'll be in charge of the house I'm giving you. You'll have girls working for you. A lot of girls. You'll have money, plenty of money. We'll put gambling rooms in the place, too. We'll clean up. You'll be the queen of Philadelphia. And all I want out of the take is a lousy thousand dollars a week."

Well, she was the queen of Philadelphia's vice district for years. Her place made hundreds of thousands of dollars for her. It made a thousand a week for the boss.

And then the new administration closed the town.

The big house was shut up tight. The queen was glad. Now, she figured, in his adversity, the boss would have need of her. Maybe he'd marry her now.

The boss had fled to New York. She went there to find and comfort him. And she discovered he had just married! The bride, a New York prostitute, laughed in her face and ordered her out of their sumptuous suite.

The queen went back to Philadelphia. She kept to herself, avoiding

old friends. You might see her in a speakeasy, drinking heavily.

After a time the boss returned to Philadelphia to mend his fences. He was far from being broke; but his wife was a very expensive woman.

All administrations, even the best, become lax eventually. The boss knew most of the politicians. He had spent millions on them. They had to take care of him. When Christmas came around again he was back in the big dough and getting ready to play Santa Claus as he always had. A friend of his went to him.

"Say, boss, remember Queenie?" Your old girl? She's down and out, on the bum. She's sick. Even her clothes ain't her own. Why don't you send her a Christmas basket and stick a hundred-dollar bill in it?"

"Down and out, eh?" said the boss. "Just a common tramp now, eh? To hell with her! I wouldn't give her an apple core. Scram!"

The news came back to the queen—on Christmas Day. She got up out of her sickbed and went to work at the only trade she knew. She bought pretty clothes. She had her face fixed up by the beauty doctors. She began to look like a queen again.

And one day she met the boss's chauffeur. She was so glad to see him, she said, that she could cry.

The chauffeur had always liked the queen. He was flattered now.

"COME to see me," she said as she left him. "Please come. And tell me all about the boss. How is he, by the way? And his wife? She's charming, isn't she?"

It wasn't long until the chauffeur was telling her everything he knew.

"I'm going to Atlantic City," he told her one night.

"And leave me all alone?" she asked.

"Can't help it, Queenie. "I wouldn't but I got to drive the boss."

"That's a shame. What time do you start?"

She pumped him, getting all the details she needed. Would the boss be alone in the car? Did he carry a gun now? Was it a man or a woman he must see in Atlantic City?

After the chauffeur had left she went to a pay station and called a number in New York. She talked calmly and casually, giving directions. Then she went to a secluded little hole in the wall where the liquor wasn't too bad. She drank alone and wept.

It might have been hard to bump off the boss in his own home town. It was easy enough in Atlantic City. There he was only a plugged dime—and quite completely plugged at that!

"Queenie was still drinking when a waiter told her the news," Mildred said. "She stopped crying. 'Thanks,' she said. You can still see her in Philadelphia barrooms. She's lost her looks. And she's always broke."

"They gave him a swell funeral," Flo ended the story. "After all, he was the boss, wasn't he?"

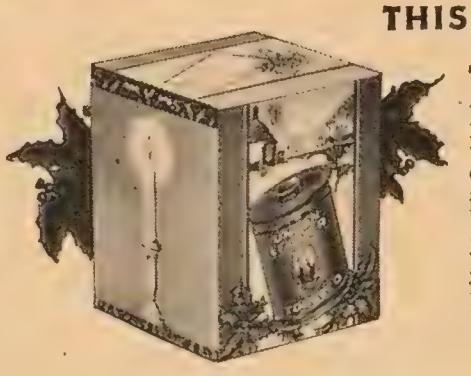
THE END

If he smokes a pipe..

Here are 2 ways to make HIS Christmas Merrier!

Give him either..or both!

THIS BIG DESK-TIN OF UNION LEADER



This handsome, expensive-looking gift box is filled with Kentucky's finest Burley—ripened to mellowness, and patiently *aged-in-wood* to make the smoothest, coolest smoke he ever tasted! The big red tin is a humidor that keeps the tobacco fresh. If he's accustomed to costly mixtures, he'll be delighted to learn how little it costs to enjoy Union Leader's rich flavor and fragrance. It's a gift that adds tomorrow's savings to today's pleasure!

OR THIS SPECIAL CHRISTMAS SET OF PIPE, CLEANERS, AND 2 TINS

75c VALUE FOR 49¢

The pipe would be a rare bargain at 50¢. But you also get in this special gift set—2 ten-cent tins of Union Leader, and 2 doz. fine pipe-cleaners; in all, 75¢ of generous value! Ask your tobacconist for this gift box or send 49¢ money order to Union Leader, 119 W. 40th St., New York City. This offer is good only in the U. S. A.

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UNION LEADER

THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

THRILLS in a BASKET

Centers Fortenberry (left) of the Oilers and Lubin of the Universals start off a thriller.

Why 16,000,000 Americans Have Made Basketball the Most Popular Indoor Sport

by

NAT HOLMAN

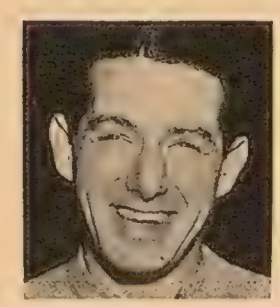
Head Basketball Coach,
College of the City of New York

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

NOT many years ago basketball was a sport played in shabby dance halls and converted barns. The professional games were rough, tough, and full of wild scenes. Today basketball has achieved the ranking of a major sport. Dignity and prestige have come with maturity, and the game definitely has passed through the rowdy transitional period of its development. Now elaborate programs are held in such magnificent palaces of sport as Madison Square Garden in New York and the Chicago Arena. For basketball is by all odds the most popular indoor sport in the United States.

Recent statistics prove that more than sixteen million people play basketball in this country, and interest in the game is so intense that it is challenging football as a spectacle in some sections of the country, particularly in the East and Middle West.

All of which is just as it should be, for basketball is the one game which is purely American in origin and inspiration. Baseball is a direct descendant of the old English game of rounders sprinkled with features of cricket. Football can be traced to the Rugby of our British cousins. Hockey was created by the Canadian Indians as a winter version of lacrosse. Golf, of course, is the contribution of the Scotch; tennis was played, after a fashion, in France as long ago as the twelfth century. Boxing, wrestling, swimming, and track and field sports were known and practiced when Babylon was old. But basketball was born in 1891 when Dr. James A. Naismith came up with two peach baskets, a soccer ball, and a bright idea in an effort to give the students at the Springfield, Massachusetts, Y. M. C. A. a new form of exercise to relieve the tedium of formal gymnasium work.



Nat Holman, one of the greatest players basketball has known.

People, however, do not play a game merely because it is a domestic product. Basketball's popularity is deserved for the best of all possible reasons—because it is good clean fun to play, and because the game commands the attention of the spectator with its fine blend of hard fast action and scientific teamwork.

In no other game has the principle and spirit of team play been developed to such a high degree as in basketball. In addition, it is peculiarly adapted to players of all sizes and physical qualifications. This may seem to be a fallacious point, for the trend in recent years has been to human skyscrapers who can control the tap and retrieve missed shots off the backboard with their excessive height.

Changes in the rules have been instrumental in reducing the emphasis on these giants. Most teams with a big center emphasized, until last season, the so-called " pivot," " reverse," or " bucket " play, in which a man stands on the foul line with his back to the basket and from that position feeds passes to teammates cutting for the goal, or suddenly whirls and takes a surprise shot at the basket himself. The pivot play is the most devastating offensive maneuver the game has ever known, and with a big man in the center it was practically impossible to stop the play. Last year, however, a change in the rules forbade any man to station himself in the foul-line, or pivot, area for more than three seconds—and the pattern of play promptly opened up again with short passing and the rapid circulation of players returning as the basic strategy.

Another beneficial revision has been the awarding of the ball to a team after it has had a foul point scored against it, thus doing away with twenty-five to thirty center jumps during a game and also reducing the importance of oversized men.

A survey made last year by a professor at an Eastern university proved there is more continuity of action in basketball and fewer delays in the progress of a game than in any other sport. A basketball player is running, leaping, jockeying with an opponent, handling and shooting the ball for approximately thirty minutes out of forty. Small wonder, therefore, that basketball has captivated sports crowds so completely.

Perhaps the main reason why basketball has been able to stir up so much enthusiasm is its psychological attraction as the perfect game for the underdog. Five hustling basketball players of average ability and well coached in the fundamentals of the game will always beat a team which leans heavily on one or two great stars. The old " community spirit " is the answer.

Parents rarely refuse their children permission to play basketball because serious injuries are rare and fatalities are practically unknown. And children have every opportunity to grow up with basketball, since the cost of the equipment is so low. A youngster is a well dressed performer with a pair of sneakers and a bathing suit.

Transcontinental tours made by teams such as California, Notre Dame, Purdue, Pittsburgh, Louisiana State, and Rice Institute have truly given the game a big-time national aspect.

The gospel of basketball was carried to the recent Olympic Games by the championship American team, and was received so enthusiastically that an International Federation was formed for the purpose of standardizing the rules. The future of our all-American game is indeed bright.

THE END

"Dear Boss—"

In Which Yuletide Spirit Helps Indite a Holiday Missive—with a Moral

Words and Pictures

by BERT GREEN

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: Please don't write in and tell us that letters like this have been written before. We know it, and so does Mr. Green. But similarity be damned; we still think what follows is funny. Don't you?

Mr. Robert Burns,
The United Plug & Bungstarter Corp.,
New York.

DEAR BOSS:

Just a word to thank you for the fine bottle of imported brandy you sent me for Christmas. It was indeed kind of you to remember me, Mr. Burns, and I want you to know that your humble bookkeeper appreciates it.

I have always been a teetotaler, but now that Christmas is here, I can't help but make an exception to the rule and enter into the spirit of the occasion. After all, why shouldn't I? Really, Mr. Burns, I do not know what I've done to deserve such a fine present and I think it would be most fitting if I pulled the cork and drank a wee nip to your good health and to wish you a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year. So here goes!

Oh, boy, that's *some* brandy! It's the kind of liquor that makes one's nerves tingle with excitement. It seems to make us forget our petty troubles and gives us a happier and broader outlook on life. Not only that, but it has a tendency to encourage a closer relationship with our fellow beings. Hatred and all that kind of stuff seems to vanish with just a nip of it.

I suppose I'm a sentimentalist at heart instead of being a great *leader* of men like *you* are, Mr. Burns, so please forgive me if I seem to bubble over with enthusiasm.

Gee, that stuff sure has a wallop, all right. It tends to creep into my elbows and gives me a giddy feeling. Does it affect you that way, Mr. Burns? Maybe it's because I haven't had a drink in ten or twelve years and I'm what you might call de-alcoholed? Yes, that's the word, de-alcoholed.

Speaking of liquor, connoisseurs tell me that rare old brandy has a habit of clinging to the glass, like oil.

That reminds me, I'll just pour out an inch or two in this tumbler, hold it up to the light, and see what happens before closing this letter. After all, I *do* want you to know how deeply I appreciate your gift.

Gosh, it clings all right. It seems to form little globules of nectar around the edge of the glass, and I can't resist the temptation of once more drinking a final toast to you and your lovely wife.

Thanking you again for your kind generosity, I am

Yours very truly,
EVERETT ROLAND SPOCK.

P. S. Gee whizz, boss, that stuff sure is potent, and I don't mean perhaps. No fooling, I'm beginning to feel like a gazelle. Do you know what a gazelle is, Mr. Burns? It's one of those little animals that flits from flower to flower and doesn't give a damn what happens. Right? Yes, and why should'nt it, hey? Why should'nt she? I mean. After all, why should't it be happy at this time of year.

Certainly the holidays are the thing. If I had *my* way, we would have three or four a week. It promotes good fellowship and all that sort of thing, right? The spirit of good fellowship is everywhere and when I look at this pretty bottle I can't help but think of all the corks that are being popped and all the toasts that are being @ffered to our good frkends and neigh*bors all over the world.

You know, Mr. Burns/, that this bottlee reminds me of a beautiful woman. Didja ever think of that? % Sure, nice round neck, graceful shoulders and everything, hic. So stately, and yet loaded with Hell. Right? Yesh, loaded with hell. O boy, pleash excuse me. There I go getting fuller sediment again.

Come to think #of it, Mr. Burns, I careeelessly forgot to drink a toast to yoUr charming wife. How Silly of me* . . Yesh, how silly of me. Sho, if Its alright with you, Boss, here we go*—

To YOU, Mishes Burns, — Merry ChriStmas and a HAPPy New Year ½½!!!

PheWW !¢¾-#*!!

Let's see, what wash I saying? -Oh yes, -the CHRistmas Spirit is here again because the stores look like a FAIRY LAnd. Do you believe &in Fairies, Mr. Burns? I can remem%ber my dear old father Tellling me about a little fairy that Followed him from New YOrk to Deluth,/ Minneslota and back. Oh boy, he wash a card *%6!! He had many Wonderfl experiences like that but you #ciould'nt get anything out of hiM with a stomack pump.

Gee, that stuff ¾sure is peRcolating//. It peps you UP and makesh you want to &go int@ a dance. Did you EveR $dance, Burnzie, old Kid;; ?? Thash what we SShould do, daNce, hey ?*%!

Speaking of happiness, I've often thought that you and I should get better /aquainted, Bobbie, old thing.- You don't mind me calling you by your first name, do you? Yes, why should'nt we get better aquainted ¢? We ought to become more pally. Gosh, the only time I ever *see* you is when you push the buzzzer and I have got to go flying in with a lot of silly reports that& don't mean a

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. . . invites you to find again life's most precious possession —spirited youth. •This resort is at Dansville, N.Y., patronized by boys and girls of all ages, from sixteen to eighty. •If you have forgotten how to play they will teach you. •All non-contagious diseases scared to death by physcultopathic measures. •Write for information.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL
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FOR COLDS
Nature can more quickly expel Infection when aided by internal medication of recognized merit
Salicon Tablets
HAVE RECOGNIZED MERIT
At all druggists, or send for a free sample to K. A. Hughes Co., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

thing. After all, I don't see why you don'T take me out to your Snooty golf club once in a while/ and maybe meet the Missus. Then again¢, we4 might take a day off now and then and sneak into a burlesque SHow?? Lotsa fun, --burlesque"s shows.!!

By the way, are you by any cHance related to Kitty BurNs?. She's that good looking Number who plays over—* in Minsky's. Oh brother, SHe's a PIP ¾!!!

But no fooling, Burnsie, old thing, us eXecutives take life tooo sheriously,— and for what I'd like to KNOw? Theres no reason why we should'nt// go to a burlesq once in a while for old Time sake %%. Take the indians F'instance¢, they don't worry. You dont see *them* winding alarm clocks #and fighting into subways, do YOu ;;? Not theM!! They enjoy life @. They worship something@ that warms thing$ up and makes them grow/.

Yes, and what do we½ worship? Nothing but *MONEY*!!!$$$

Thash my wife all over, $he wor$hip$ nothing but /Money !&$$.

Oh,. let's skip IT/. Christmas comes but onsh a year, sho lets have a good time & another liL drink. Whatye-say, Burnsie, old KId ??%!

WOW !!! Thash stuff ish a TERRor alright—alright:;(%#!!

Here I started to Writee you a /few line$s and its turnEd into an inshyclopedia. How the hell do y@ou shpell Shyclopdia? Whooo cares ??!/,.

Sheepking of books, wash your old Man the POET or/ the CigAR maker ?? hic,. Maybe he ish the Bob BURns wash ish on the radiO. OOh, he ish a Schreeam. Did Your hear hiM telll that one /about the mosketoes in VAn Buren ??! No ? S'funny! He shead the moshketoes wash soo big they ate UP the horsh and then Threw¢ horsh-shoes to shee which one would// WIN the harnesss. ARiot, hey½#### ??

Lesh have another lil shnifter, eh ??()&$#"???

Lishon, Bob, old Kid/, your bottle could'tnt have arrived at a better TIME. Yeah, the WIfe ish away. ¾¾!!! HOORAY!!! SHe's $pending the holidaysh wish her relatshons in shome whishtel-stop in Wishkonshin. Her folKs ish some troupee/ !½@!! The old man Stayss in bed whiLe the Old ladY *65— does the plowing. Thash the way to RUn things !! Thash what$ I call ¢operation, hic.? Why should'nt a MaN stay in bed igf he wants 2, I ask you ??/—*

I wish you were hear, Burnzie/ sho we could get ##&our teeth in MaMie O'Rourke. $hewwell kid, MaMie. Oh boy, I $ure give her hell when eye get her in the $hower. Thash where I $shing the best. Shome time the neigh%bors throw MIlk bottles d@own — but $$$ eye should worry;;¢@½—$ 7& "½½.

Dambmed Typ%wriTrr cuttting up. Gets FUlller H@les sumPin terrib)le. &&%$ The Gadjets get alll bunched up fiercee¾¾,.

Holy shomoke,¢ the botttles nearly ½ gone, hic//. Thash one thin$g about me//. No matterr howw mush i drink i never even feell It. S'funnY Ish'nt it ??% I guess I&ve bee mishin lots of thing$ from noT drinkingg, "#$??, eh?

Y'Know, Bosh, I've ofTen wondered wheree you /ever got that REd noshe .? MMish Betts,—your Secretry says you shometimes come into the OFFIce a$ STIFF ash a Board 5%%¾. Yeah, an) why shoul&nt you? Thash what I'D like to no ??&? ###If a man wants to geTT STIFf ash a board, thash his business.

#$%&'() — *467' — DanNMned typWritr ish terribl . .

I jsut tried to get thee wiFE on th@ phone is WishKonsin//— to wish he r a Mrry ChrisTM%%s, hic. You no, SUPRiSE¾¾!, but no anshuer. Cut Off. Sumpin bLooey ¢. I wanted you to shay heLOO to her on the ph@one. S'funny thJing about her, she gets Wild whe/n I menshon yourr name. Sheee keepS Tellin/g me you'r an old TigHtwad and woulDNT¾ give a #knickle to shee the Statchew of LIBerty do a HandSPRing into $ the Hudson&. She shays she new your wife beforr you MAr%ried her & that she hass a face like ¾the /last run of $had. She said the Wife used TO ¾bathe the step$s in @ Tenth AVENue walkk-up*. Thash a honey %%%%.. Sho, where does shee get off to PULL High/hat stuFf? She also Shed you married her for /her $$$$$$.!!

Speaking of MoneY, how about GIving me a raise ?? How about THAT ??'&%$? Here I'VE been Workng for you for twenTY-SHiX yearss and what did IT hget me ?? NoTHING !!½ thash what ?? NO-THING ???!@: I havent had a RAise isn I4 yers, think of it, BuT $till eye stuck. Did I ever ASh for a raise? NOOO! Did I ever Ta7ke a day oFF ?? No/! Did I ever get a vakashion ? NOOO!!! But You don'tt hear me kicking do tyou ?/¾*. So What ?* The only va&kashion I ever had wash/ when I wash hit #byy the taxxi and had to have the radiatorr cap removed from my %chest. Do you Rememememember that ?,$?? Yesh, and what/ diD YOu do when I wash laying in the Opperat-Iong room? Did/ you send me FLOwers?, NO))! Did You offer to pay the &bill ? NO! Inshtead, you shent up threee moRe doctors to CUT *in and when they GOt thrugh with me I wash %$layIng all over the BuilddiNG, thash what !!!½

No Kidding%4, You're the TIGHTEST% guy I vever new. YouRe tigh/ter ThaNN the Shkinn on an ARMY dRUMM, anD thash TIGHT.

day, MR. bURNS,$%#* M% will tu4n and Ill tell you W GOO.

If I wa6sh&n't such a2&fo-ool / i woULd Busht into y%$our ofFish 2#and Punsh y-ou on the noSH !¢*4-&$$!!! Thash what!!

But Wash & use, I wou%Ld raTher wo%&rk for you %50 yearhs moRE than ash for ra4haze, sho let's forGEtit & have No#t%her Lil drI%NK, eh BurNSie?

WeLLL, ShAPPY NEW YEAAR, &BoSS, Shame to $%Y-OU ¾!¢!!

Your PALze$%WaLZIE,

EVERITT(!

Mr. Everett R. Spock,
6275 Ledger Avenue,
New York.

Sir:

Kindly report to my office at 9 A. M. *sharp* Monday morning.

ROBERT BURNS.

* * *

Positions Wanted

BOOKKEEPER-ACCOUNTANT—Quick, accurate. 26 years diversified experience. STRICTLY SOBER. 281 Bronx.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 20

1—Charles Stewart Parnell (1846-91).

2—Varieties of quartz employed as semi-precious stones.

3—Paul's; Acts 19:11-12—"And God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul: So that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them."

4—In China, yes. Species of this worm-like marine animal are exported to that country after drying.

5—Yes; Article III, Section I—"The judges . . . shall hold their offices during good behavior."

6—Air-conditioning equipment. It is believed that humidity is of greater value in saving the small lives than is heat.

7—The French.

8—Thirty days old.

9—The name of the syndicate that conducts the Casino at Monte Carlo.

10—Los Angeles.

11—Fatima.

12—South Carolina.

13—A fast-growing million persons.

14—Jerome Bonaparte (1784-1860), Napoleon's youngest brother, whose marriage to Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore, Maryland, was annulled by the emperor.

15—Yes; Buenos Aires is 6,294 miles from London by water, and 6,761 miles from New York.

16—An authoritative letter from the head of the Roman Catholic Church.

17—A comminuted fracture.

18—Earthquakes and volcanic eruptions.

19—Stand on one foot without hopping or falling. The balancing test is then repeated by standing on the other foot.

20—Alfred P. Sloan, Jr.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot?
THE best of friends must part . . . but separation need not mean the end of friendship. At this holiday time especially, let your telephone bridge the miles between. It's quick, convenient and, above all, personal. It's inexpensive too. Rates on station-to-station and person-to-person calls to most points are reduced after seven o'clock every evening and all day Sunday.
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

"Say—you can't go out back! Not without you ask the manager," said Marcia. "I'll ask the manager afterward,"

Now, for a Lovely Runaway from Life, a New World Unfolds in a Vital, Gripping Novel of Today

WISE

by

WALTON GREEN

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES

BRILLIANT, divorced Lady Runcival (born Isabella McKeever of Oklahoma) is giving a coming-out ball for her daughter Serena in Washington, D. C. The debutante and her worldly mother have little in common, and it is to Jeremiah Skinner, old friend of the family, that Serena turns for advice on her heart affairs this joyous night.

She is certain that Roger Loring, a rising young New Dealer in the capital, wants to marry her. Will she accept him? Wise old Jeremiah evades giving any counsel in the matter, for he knows that Lady Runcival has attached the young man to herself and expects him to dance attendance on her.

But, as she anticipated, Roger proposes to Serena before the night is over, and she accepts him. Both of them are in a seventh heaven of happiness. Their secret almost shouts itself to the world, and when Roger tells Lady Isabella he wishes to call on an important matter tomorrow, the shrewd mother knows what is up, but gives no inkling of it.

The next day, while Serena is having her noon breakfast in bed, her mother visits her and learns from her daughter's lips the fact of the engagement. Lady Isabella does everything in her power to dissuade Serena from such folly, points out the facts that Loring is too old and too poor for a luxurious girl of eighteen. But Serena remains obdurate. Driven to desperation, Lady Isabella tells her daughter that Roger Loring has been her lover, and walks out of the room.

That night Serena vanishes from her home in Washington. She takes a plane for California and stops off at Tucson, where she hoped to stay at a dude ranch kept by friends. But they have sold it. She tries to cash a check, but word comes there are no funds. Panicky, she walks out of the bank, not knowing which way to turn—what to do.

ILLUSTRATION BY

said Roger. Marcia followed him, scandalized but admiring. This was a man of action for all his quiet talk.

VIRGIN

PART THREE—A FRIEND AND A JOB

MONEY had never entered into Serena's life before. She had lived the credit life of the upper economic crust. Money as the means to a bed or a meal had never before penetrated Serena's consciousness. To have the absence of money prevent her getting tooth paste and fresh underclothing was a dismaying new experience.

Perhaps Skinner was right. Perhaps Serena had been brought up all wrong. She could ride and shoot and dress and dance, she was thoroughly well read in a precocious and lopsided and parlor-pinkish sort of way, she had a good mind and an honest one, and a plucky sporting spirit: but she had developed no resourcefulness of personal action. All the routine minor knocks of living had been taken for her by people who were paid to take them.

Serena went out and walked. She walked until she was clear of the town, and then she kept on. She had the Anglo-Saxon joy in exercise as an alleviant of numbed misery. Her mind steadied down and she faced her predicament. She must have money, and the only way to get money would be to telegraph, collect, to her mother or Skinner—or perhaps to her father in London. If she wired her mother—or even Skinner—that would mean surrender and knuckling under, and she would have to go back. And she wasn't ready for that yet. She might get a job—other people did—everybody got jobs nowadays: it was quite the thing to do. Cabot's perhaps. She could sell cosmetics or stockings. She knew a lot about stockings.

When Serena got back to town it was nearly noon. She was fired with the job idea. She went straight to Cabot's.

Ten minutes later she was out in the street again. They were taking on no one now; Christmas week perhaps, as an extra. The man who handled personnel was an Easterner and something of a smoothie. He walked out to the door with Serena—he was just leaving for lunch. Wouldn't she come and have a bite with him? Serena, astounded, said she had already lunched.

She turned up the street—the other direction from the

E D G A R M c G R A W

personnel man. She stopped and stared through the window of a lunchroom. She was angry and she was hungry. But she decided to save the ninety-odd cents that would be left after her hotel bill was paid. Well, she must cable her father. She made her way to the telegraph office and sat down at one of the several wall desks and began to write out her message. It was unexpectedly difficult—to make it sound emergency and yet not too emergency and hysterical.

There was a woman at the next desk, also in the throes of telegraphic composition. Serena had been looking at her unseeingly for some time. The woman crumpled a message blank and looked up. It was the breezy waitress from the airport.

"Oh," said Serena, with her imperious drawl, "I wonder if you know how people get work here—jobs, you know?" And, having said it, she could not imagine saying it to a stranger.

"What's that?" said the girl sharply. Then she recognized Serena. "Oh—you're the passenger that didn't go on to Los Angeles." She was regarding Serena appraisingly. "Who is it wants a job?" she demanded cautiously.

"Me," said Serena simply and inelegantly.

"Humm," meditated the big girl, and drew her chair nearer. "You don't look like you needed a job. What's the matter? Broke?"

"Certainly not," returned Serena with spirit. "I have ninety cents."

SERENA was staring at the wall. The waitress was staring at Serena.

"Say, let's get out of here, Miss—Miss—"

"Runcival," supplied Serena.

"And mine's Gaylord—Marcia Gaylord. Let's go eat. This is my half-day off."

"I'd love to," said Serena, and meant it. What she meant was that she wanted the big girl's hearty human company. She felt as if she had been alone and friendless for years. Miss Gaylord led the way back to the same lunchroom where Serena had stared through the window. They settled themselves at a table in a far corner.

"What'll you have? They got swell chile con carne here."

Serena remembered her ninety cents. "I think I'll just have a cup of tea. I breakfasted late."

The other girl shot her a quick glance.

"I'm ordering double," she said with decision. "And you'll eat. And what you don't, I will. Keep your ninety cents for lipstick. Your money's no good here."

Serena flushed. Then she laughed—her low, throaty laugh, the first laugh in a long time. The girl's directness—her masculine phraseology—went straight to Serena's own simplicity. Miss Gaylord viewed the arrival of the chile stew with approval. She liked her victuals.

"How come you're in a jam?" she asked after a pause. "Money not turn up from home?"

"No," said Serena slowly. "I—well, they don't know where I am. I—beat it."

"Uh-huh," agreed the other, as though it was the most natural thing in the world. "Hardheaded father? Or trouble with the boy friend?"

"Both," said Serena in an equally casual tone, "only it's my mother. My father is in England."

"Uh-huh. And now you run out of cash and got to get a job. What kind of things can you do?"

"Oh, anything, I guess. I could teach riding. Lots of girls do that."

"Most lads in these parts think they can ride pretty good right now," observed Marcia dryly.

"Oh, I know." Serena blushed. "I've been out here before. I meant a dude ranch or something—teach young girls from the East."

Marcia shook her head.

"Girls from the East don't want a woman to teach them riding. They want a he-man cowpuncher with hair pants and Hollywood shirts."

Serena was silent.

"Could you wait on table?" demanded the other.

"Wait on—you mean the way you do—in a hotel or something?"

AM I NEVER RESTED AGAIN..
SO RUN-DOWN THE LEAST EFFORT WORE HER OUT
MAG—I WISH I HAD YOUR ENERGY—YOU'RE ALWAYS READY FOR ANYTHING—
WELL, DARLING—I WAS PRETTY WELL DRAGGED OUT MYSELF LAST SPRING—THE DOCTOR SAID I FELT THAT WAY BECAUSE MY BLOOD WAS UNDERFED. HE HAD ME EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. HE SAID IT FEEDS THE BLOOD. WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?
VITAMINS A. B. G and D

" Uh-huh. But not in a hotel. Out to the field. They're short-handed. One of the girls took sick yesterday. I'm head girl and I'm on the lookout for an extra. It wouldn't only be a temporary job—a few weeks maybe."

" I'd love to work under you," said Serena doubtfully. " But—I mean—I never could remember all the orders."

" You'd catch on, and it's nice easy work. Nothing much doing except when a planeload comes in. The pay's low, but these air-minded guys are swell tippers."

Serena felt her ears burning. In her upbringing, largely English, there was a definite caste line, even in the ranks of labor, between the tippers and the tipped.

" Well—what d'you say? Want I should telephone the manager? Course—he may have got him somebody already."

" Oh, yes—please do," said Serena.

A few minutes later Miss Gaylord came out of the booth.

" You're hired, on my recommend. And, Lord save my soul, but I told him you were an experienced girl! Now, we'll go find your duffle and get you settled. You're coming to my place for a few days—till first pay day anyhow. I got plenty of room and a spare folding cot. O. K.? "

" O. K.," echoed Serena faintly. " Oh, you don't know how grateful I am to you! "

" Forget it, kid. I been in more'n one jam myself."

Serena had been working three days. After the first terrifying morning it had not been nearly so hard as she had expected. Marcia Gaylord did a mother hen on her, and smoothed everything that was smoothable.

It was their third night in Marcia's place. Marcia had two rooms and a tiny bath over a store in a side street. Marcia, with the simple artlessness of a true daughter of the plains, was listening dreamily to a radio rendition of Home on the Range! Serena was in the bathroom, washing out some of her things.

Serena squeezed out her second set of pink pants, and hung them over the towel rack. She was proud of having washed them herself. She was proud of having bought them herself with her accumulated first two days' tips. Funny, how different tips seemed now. Marcia's voice came to her from the other room:

" What was the ruckus you were having this afternoon with the customer—the fat guy with the Hitler mustache? "

Serena laughed her slow laugh.

" I spilled coffee on him—a whole cup."

" Migawd—haven't I told you to sway the saucer when you walk and you won't never spill a drop! "

Serena came into the living room and sat down. Marcia looked at her speculatively.

" Ain't it about time you heard from that cable? "

" Oh—I almost forgot." Serena fished a folded cable form from her pocket, and handed it to the older girl. " I got it at the office on my way home this afternoon."

Marcia read:

UNABLE REACH SIR ARTHUR HUNTING TRIP HIMALAYAS

" Humph," observed Marcia, handing back the message. " Looks like you'll be slinging beans the rest of the winter; 'less, of course, you make it up with your mother —and the boy friend."

" I SHALL never see him again," said Serena quickly. " I've told you all I could, Marcia, but there are reasons—not just for me—that I can't tell even you."

" Sure," agreed Marcia comfortably. " Every girl throws down a man for reasons that never happened in the world before. An' if this guy waltzed in here this minute, I bet you'd fall on his neck. That's the way we women are."

Serena colored but made no direct answer.

" I think I'll go to bed now," she said.

It was the next afternoon, in the midst of the rush following the landing of the sleeper from Los Angeles, that Serena found herself staring down at the crisply brushed top of Roger Loring's head.

Loring was studying the menu. He did not look up at the waitress.

" I think," he said without much enthusiasm, " I'll have

GOING TO FEEL)

I DREAD THE THOUGHT OF GOING SHOPPING TOMORROW- BUT MAYBE A NEW DRESS WILL HELP PEP ME UP
YOU SURE DO NEED PEPPING UP, HONEY- WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING TO GET SO TIRED LATELY?
I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO GIVE IT UP FOR TODAY- I'M TOO TIRED TO KNOW WHAT I LIKE AND WHAT I DON'T--
HELLO THERE-CAN I GIVE YOU A LIFT HOME? OH DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH ADORABLE DRESSES-- WHAT DID YOU BUY?
I COULDN'T FIND A THING-GUESS I'M NOT IN THE RIGHT MOOD TODAY-- I'D LOVE A LIFT HOME, MAG-- BUT PLEASE HAVE TEA WITH ME FIRST-I'M ABOUT READY TO DROP-

FEW WEEKS LATER
ISN'T IT A LOVE OF A HAT- I GOT IT ALL IN YOUR HONOR, TOO-IF I'M GOING TO THAT CONVENTION WITH YOU, I'VE GOT TO LOOK LIKE SOME- BODY
O.K. TOOTS- TROT OUT THE GLAD RAGS- SAY BUT IT'S SWELL TO HAVE A WIFE THAT WANTS TO GO PLACES AGAIN!

DON'T LET UNDERFED BLOOD KEEP YOU FEELING LIMP AS A RAG

So many people find they tire quickly and feel low spirited at this time of year.

Usually, this tired feeling comes when your blood is *underfed* and does not carry enough nourishment to your muscles and nerves.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast supplies your blood with essential vitamins and other food elements. It helps your blood to carry more and better nourishment to your nerve and muscle tissues.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly each day—one cake about ½ hour before meals. Eat it plain, or in a little water. Start today!

IT'S YOUR BLOOD THAT "FEEDS" YOUR BODY...

One of the important functions of your blood stream is to carry nourishment from your food to the muscle and nerve tissues of your entire body.

When you find you get overtired at the least extra effort, it is usually a sign that your blood is not supplied with enough food for your tissues.

What you need is something to help your blood get more nourishment from your food.

FLEISCHMANN'S **FRESH** YEAST CONTAINS **4** VITAMINS IN ADDITION TO HORMONE-LIKE SUBSTANCES, WHICH HELP THE BODY GET **GREATER VALUE** FROM THE FOOD YOU EAT, AND **GET IT FASTER**-----

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THEY'VE CAUGHT ON
BECAUSE THEY STAY ON

"Free-Swing" Suspenders will do anything but SKID, move any way but OFF, give everything but UP! . . . cut loose with all you've got, but that double swivel action between the shoulder blades will never lose control . . . it's there for keeps and it's there for comfort, flexing with every movement of the body, but always hewing to the line.

No skid . . . no strain . . . no pull . . . and no equal for fit, freedom and flexibility.

Get several pairs . . . one to a suit . . . Paris provides plenty of patterns . . . $1 and up.

SWING TO "FREE-SWING" SUSPENDERS by PARIS

PARIS

SUSPENDERS
with "FREE-SWING" backs
"CAN'T SKID OFF YOUR SHOULDERS"

Styled by the Makers of Paris Garters

A. STEIN & COMPANY
CHICAGO • NEW YORK • TORONTO

sausages and hot cakes and coffee."

Serena stared at the back of Roger's head. He was still intent on the bill of fare. There was a chance that he would not see her at all. She muffled her voice and contrived a squeaky, "Yes, sir"; then she turned and almost ran to the kitchen.

The first person she encountered was Marcia.

"Cripes, what's a matter?" demanded the big girl. "You're white as a ghost."

"Turned my ankle," said Serena. "Will you take my customer—third window table?"

"Sure thing. You set down awhile. What's the order?"

"Sausage, side of hots, and coffee," said Serena steadily. Marcia put in the order, and a few minutes later was kicking her way expertly through the swing door.

BUT Serena had not got away with it. Something in the tone of the muffled "Yes, sir," had made Roger turn and watch the retreating form of his waitress. He had recognized her at once. But he had sat composedly, his orderly New England mind digesting the situation. When Marcia breezed up with his order he was ready for things and slightly quizzical.

"You are not the waitress who took my order, are you?"

"No, sir," explained Miss Gaylord. "She just turned her ankle out in the kitchen."

"Too bad—too bad," murmured Roger in his driest Bostonese. "And what might the unfortunate young person's name be?"

"Name?" cried the astonished Marcia. "Sally Raymond, if it's any business of yours."

"Sally Raymond? Ah, yes. Curious, but we've always called her Serena Runcival."

Marcia set the coffee cup down with a rattle of which she would ordinarily have been ashamed. She inspected Roger with cool animosity.

"So you're the bird she's running away from!"

"I didn't know she was running away from me," he said quietly. "I've brought a letter from her mother. I wish you would give it to her, and ask her to come back and talk to me when she's read it."

"That's fair enough," agreed Marcia, her animosity fading under Roger's straightforwardness. She took the letter, pushed the syrup jug nearer Roger's elbow, and went out to the kitchen.

Roger made a try at his sausages, but his appetite had gone. He could make allowances for the whims of neurotic girls, but he had never admitted to himself—despite her mother's warning—that Serena might change her mind; that Serena was running away from him. He felt there was something deeper, something he could not put his hands on, that could only be cleared up if he could see her face to face. If he could take Serena in his arms it would all come right. Roger was a shrewd and able young man—accustomed to weigh men's motives and women's lack of them.

Marcia was back in less than ten minutes. She looked angry.

"She says she won't never see you again," she announced uncomfortably. "I tried all—"

Roger stood up abruptly.

"She'll see me right now," he said and started for the swing door.

"Say—you can't go out back! Not without you ask the manager."

"I'll ask the manager afterward." Roger was half through the door. Marcia followed him, scandalized but admiring. This was a man of action for all his quiet talk. Maybe, after all, this Serena was a little fool.

But the little fool had given them the slip. She'd gone out the back door—one of the waitresses volunteered—and hopped a taxi without so much as by your leave, or even changing out of her uniform.

"She's gone to get her stuff at my place," said Marcia indignantly, and now thoroughly on Roger's side. "She's going to beat it again. Listen, mister. Maybe we can catch her. You find a taxi, and I'll speak to the manager and be out in a minute."

In scarcely more than that the big girl, also in uniform, was in the taxi and they were cutting the usual fifteen-minute run to town down to ten.

"You're a swell girl," said Roger.

But Serena was not at the flat. Roger stalked about the small rooms discontentedly.

"She hasn't been here," said Marcia after a hasty inspection. "There's her stockings and things, just like she left them last night after she washed them."

"Washed her own stockings?" said Roger, astonished. This was a new Serena.

"Well—she can't beat it without her stuff," observed Marcia.

"There's plenty of money in that letter," said Roger.

"Cripes—I never knew that! You'd oughter held out the money on her."

Roger frowned. They were still debating what to do when the telephone rang. Marcia listened, tried to get a word in edgewise—then covered the transmitter and turned to Roger.

"She says she'll go back to Washington if you'll promise not to see her or bother her."

"Very well," said Roger instantly. "Tell her I promise."

SERENA went back by train. She reached Washington in the late afternoon. There had been a slushy Washington snowstorm, and the raw dampness was very dreary after the freshness of Arizona. In the taxi, driving out Massachusetts Avenue, it seemed as if she had been away a long time; but when the butler swung open the door for her she felt as if she had only been downtown shopping. Washington, and her mother, and the house seemed to close in on her, and the dormant depression of her unhappiness flooded back.

"Good evening, Hendricks. I'll have some tea, please, right away. In the downstairs library. Is mama in?"

"No, Miss Serena. She left word for you she'd be home in a short time." He was paying the taxi, and collecting her things—imperturbable in his pretense that Serena had not been away at all. Had Serena wanted to, she would not have dared comment to Hendricks on her absence. He would have considered it bad form. Hendricks kept Serena up to the mark: his mark. After all, good butlers are a point of view paid by the month.

Serena was having her second cup of tea when Isabella came hurrying in. She nodded to her daughter as if she'd seen her last at luncheon.

"I'll have lemon, please, and no sugar." She was in one of her matter-of-fact efficient moods. "Now, about what I said in my letter. You may go and live by yourself if you wish. In fact, I'd prefer it, under the circumstances. But I won't have you doing melodramatic things like this running away. I understand you were working as a waitress."

"Yes."

"A great mistake. You would never make a good waitress. You're too absentminded."

"I would not have come back unless you had promised to let me live by myself."

"I understand that. You've always disliked me, Serena. You think I'm a selfish, clever snake."

"I think you're selfish," said Serena slowly. "And I know you're clever."

"GO on," commanded Isabella.

"No!" said Serena, very white. "How dare you throw that at me—after—after everything! Of course I hate you—how can I help it—when I think—"

"You don't think; you just feel. Very well, we'll let it go for the moment. When you grow up you'll find there are degrees of snakery."

Serena was silent. She stared miserably at the smoldering logs in the big fireplace. It was to escape this that she had gone away. Her mother's voice, cynical and patronizing, went on:

"Have you decided what you want to do?"

"I want to go away from Washington. I want to write."

"Write what?"

"A book," said Serena dully.

"A novel? But of course, a novel. Every one in America writes novels. If you haven't written a novel before you're twenty, the chances are you've a subnormal I. Q. The wonder is there's anybody left to read them. Hendricks is writing a novel now: a novel of hunting and high life in Middleburg. I caught him at it in the pantry yesterday. Yes, my dear, by all means write a novel. You've every qualification. You know nothing of life, and you can't write a straight sentence. It ought to be a best seller."

Serena flushed but made no answer.

"And now, one thing more, Serena.

"MY GARAGE MAN WAS RIGHT when he said:

Don't say ~~Alcohol~~

PROTECTOL

and get more for the same money"

HERE'S the story. And I've got my car to prove it. First, "Protectol" is full strength, 188 proof completely denatured alcohol . . . protection against freeze-ups. Next, that alcohol is "treated" to prevent rust formation . . . protection against corrosion. I used "Protectol" in my car last winter and this *double* protection didn't cost me a cent more than I would have paid for ordinary alcohol.

It's easy for you, too, to get "Protectol's" low-cost double protection. The big orange and black "Protectol" drum, and the "Protectol" Chart giving the correct quantity to use for your car are at almost every Filling Station. Or you can take home a 1 or a 5-gallon container.

"Protectol" is a product of Carbide and Carbon Chemicals Corporation . . . world's largest producers of synthetic organic chemicals . . . 30 East 42nd Street, New York City.

it's the best low cost Anti-Freeze you can buy

Sold also in 1-gallon cans and 5-gallon drums for home-garage use.

I had not meant to tell you this until the end of your debutante season. I'm very nearly broke."

"I don't understand."

"I'm considered one of the richest women in America. I was, ten years ago. People wondered how I managed to survive the crash and the depression when every one else had to pull in their horns. Well—I didn't survive, any more than any one else. I lost everything but a million or so when my father's oil concerns were merged with Universal in 1931. I've been living on the remains of my principal—great blocks of it—ever since. And now it's nearly gone. Even this house is mortgaged for every nickel I could squeeze out of it."

"But—why have you—I mean, couldn't we have lived more simply?"

"I DON'T care to live more simply," said Isabella coldly. "Besides, it was no time to do so. I wanted to get you launched and married off. After that I can make my own plans. I shall probably marry again. My social position is easily worth two hundred thousand a year to any number of men who want that kind of thing and can only get it by buying it. What I must point out to you, Serena, is that my own plans do not include you. I'll make you a decent allowance for a while longer. But you must marry very soon, and you must put your mind on it."

"Marry?" protested Serena. "After what happened? That is too revolting. I shall never—"

"Nonsense. You'll soon get over that calf-love affair with an unsuitable man. Next time control your feelings and use your head."

"You mean I'm to go out and sell myself to the highest bidder?" demanded Serena with bitter calm. "No, thank you, mama. I prefer to sell my talents, such as they are, and not myself."

"Is that a quote from the heroine of your novel?" asked Isabella, infinitely bored but trying to be patient. "Of course you must sell your talent, and every woman of sense knows that her highest talent *is* herself. Now—I've given you a good start, Serena, and a background that you must capitalize before it's gone. It will be gone in a few months. If you choose to waste it, you'll find yourself high and dry, with a living to earn in a world full of female misfits who think they can compete with men without using their sex."

Serena looked at her mother a long time.

"That is just what I mean to do," she said slowly.

"Very well. But don't come whining back to me when you fail. And when I say 'use your sex,' I don't mean give it away, or rent it, or spend it for your own self-indulgence. Men can do that, but not women. Sex is capital to a woman, just as money is to a man. Don't waste the principal—use it. Make it pay you proper dividends."

"I don't understand," said the bewildered Serena for the second time.

"Probably not. Most women don't understand until it is too late. But this much you do understand, and that is that you must go out and make something of yourself."

"Yes."

"Very well. Now, I've been in touch with your Aunt Sarah Romeyn. How would you like to live with her this winter?"

Serena considered. "Aunt" Sarah was not really her aunt but a distant cousin of her father who lived in New York. Serena had always been fond of her.

"I think that would be nice," she said.

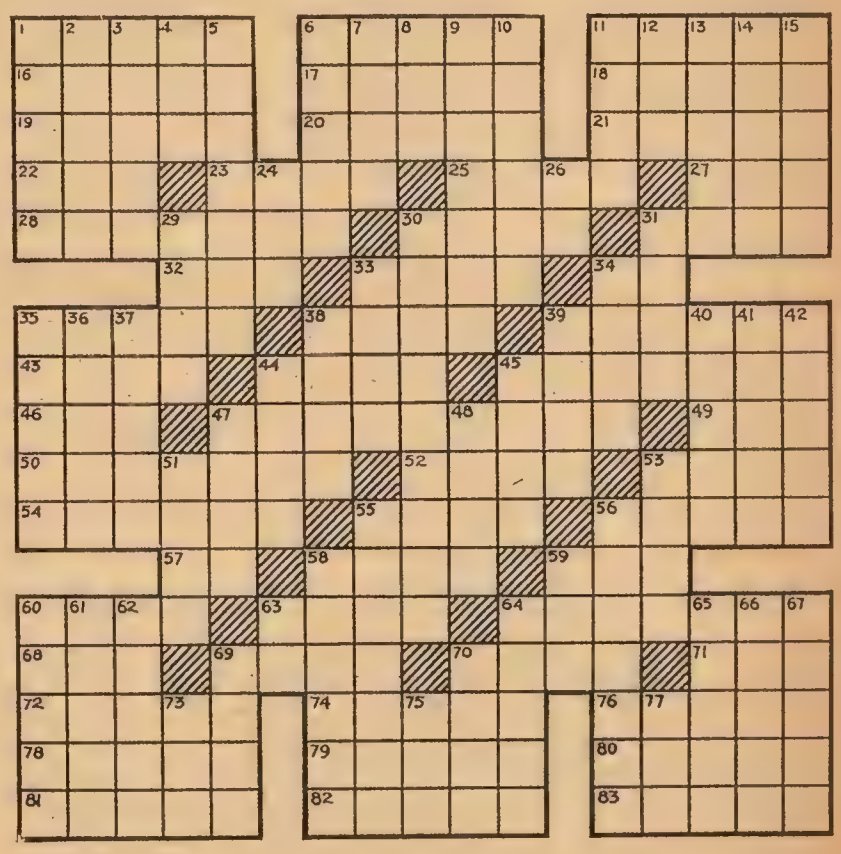
"Sarah Romeyn is nobody's fool," continued Isabella. "Her eccentricity is nine tenths put on. It's an asset to her. Also, she knows distinctly the right people."

"I shan't be going out much," said Serena. "I shall be working."

"Of course," agreed her mother with the faint but infuriating irony for which she was famous.

A winter in New York and a novel to write—what will they bring to Serena? And will Aunt Sarah help or hinder? There are many shoals and quicksands ahead for the brave young voyager, and you will set sail with her over new perilous courses in the next issue of Liberty.

CROSSWORDS

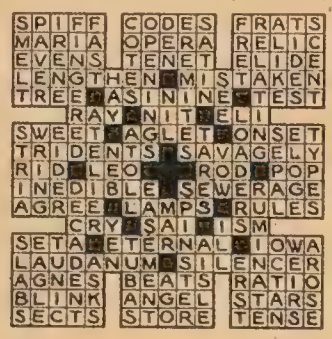


HORIZONTAL

1 A double tooth
6 A genus of geese
11 A nonrigid airship
16 Slur over
17 Moleskin color
18 Wireless
19 Small piece of turf
20 Utmost extent
21 Word of ratification (pl.)
22 Hail!
23 Spanish coin
25 A contest of wits
27 Playing card
28 Diminishes
30 Woman's name
31 Lost sap or juice
32 Youth
33 City in Italy
34 An exclamation
35 Walking
38 Residence
39 A mound
43 Part of a shoe
44 Thin layer (mining)
45 Kind of wine
46 Greek goddess
47 Energetic dislike
49 Large tub
50 Student
52 Small marks
53 Festival
54 Drinking vessel
55 Long rod
56 Kind of tree
57 Form of to be
58 Happen well, or ill
59 Kind of cloth
60 Javanese tree
63 At this point
64 Predictor
68 Protuberance
69 Saucy
70 Combustible material
71 Old Burmese city
72 Angry
74 Up to the time of
76 Islands
78 Small part
79 Looks askance
80 Exhausted
81 Arabian commander
82 Expunge
83 Hurry

VERTICAL

1 A metal disk
2 A fruit
3 Exists
4 Commotion
5 Draw back
6 Collection of maps
7 Fastening device
8 Total
9 Summary
10 Withdraw
11 A child
12 To leave hastily (slang)
13 Standard
14 Chop finely
15 Postured
24 Culminate
26 Note of the scale
29 Spill over
30 Naval officer
31 Part of a gun
33 Wander
34 Wife of a lord
35 Stop! (naut.)
36 Comedy
37 City in Nebraska
38 Inheritor
39 Clubs
40 Split
41 Declaim
42 Irrigate
44 Break suddenly
45 Small fly
47 An astringent
48 A fish
51 Wood sorrels
53 To beat, as wings
55 Partaker
56 Make void
58 A flat piece of wood
59 Form of to be
60 Join
61 Jewish festival
62 Lessen
63 Pronoun
64 Throb
65 Drags
66 Happening
67 A sample
69 Equal
70 A tree (pl.)
73 Definite article
75 Beverage
77 Mineral spring



Answer to last week's puzzle

Life in the Shadows; Love on the Run

A Powerful Drama of Injustice and a Headlong, Harebrained Comedy Achieve a Record in Contrasts—New Heights of Horror and Fun

by

BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY 3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD 1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★★★★ WINTERSET

THE PLAYERS: Burgess Meredith, Margo, Eduardo Ciannelli, John Carradine, Edward Ellis, Paul Guilfoyle, Maurice Moscovitch, Stanley Ridges, Willard Robertson, Mischa Auer, Myron McCormick, Helen Jerome Eddy, Barbara Pepper, Alec Craig, Fernanda Eliscu, George Humbert, Murray Alper, Paul Fix. Screen play by Anthony Veiller from the drama by Maxwell Anderson. Directed by Alfred Santell. Produced by RKO Radio.

MAXWELL ANDERSON'S prize-winning drama of life in the grimy shadows of a dead-end street under the Brooklyn Bridge will leave you limp and breathless. It has a tremendous sustained power and a curious beauty—and it is superbly acted. Mr. Anderson obviously was motivated by the celebrated Sacco-Vanzetti case. Here you see the wrong man—a visionary radical—sent to the electric chair for a murder during a paymaster holdup. Years later his son, now grown but a penniless vagabond, seeks to vindicate his father. Playwright Anderson brings all his characters together in the dirt and squalor under the bridge—the boy; the judge, now a wanderer seeking blurrily to justify his legal blunder; the three original criminals in the holdup; and the sister of one of the culprits, a dreaming young Italian girl destined to bring a despairing romance to the lonely boy.

You never will see a more gripping drama, or one that yields less to convention. Nor will you ever encounter a moment of more ghostly force than the scene where the gangster, shot three times and rolled into the East River, staggers back, dripping and muck-covered, to confront his killer. Stanley Ridges makes this horrific moment unforgettable.

VITAL STATISTICS: Producer Pandro S. Berman chose practically all of unknown original stage cast, who'd done it 312 times, and so assured himself a perfect performance. Only major change: a happy ending's been tacked on, Mio and Marianne being allowed to live on the screen, where they died on the stage. . . . Margo was discovered dancing at Waldorf-Astoria, by Hecht and MacArthur, for lead in Crime Without Passion. She's nineteen; collects turquoise as a good-luck charm. . . . Twenty-seven-year-old unactorish-looking Burgess Meredith, of the irregular sensitive face, turned to acting after he'd flopped at making a living any other way. He was a Cleveland boy, son of a sawbones; had a fine soprano boy voice; was browed at Amherst. He ran in Wall Street, sold vacuums, shipped to South America as an able seaman. Then, just six years ago, he became an apprentice stude at Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theater at exactly no salary. But his rise was fast and furious and he's now modestly hailed as the Hamlet of 1940 or the twentieth-century Booth. . . . Six butter tubs of Los Angeles river bed were imported to dump over Stanley Ridges for his gruesome return-from-the-dead scene. . . . Jersey City's Paul Guilfoyle is married to Kathleen Mulqueen; there is a Jr. with whom the Cal sun agrees. . . . Maurice Moscovitch had one of those barefoot, hungry, cold youths in Odessa, Russia. . . . Eduardo Ciannelli did the stage Winterset; sang grand opera in three European countries; discovered he had a voice after he'd become an M. D. Writes.

Vagabond Burgess Meredith and young Margo, who furnish the romantic interludes in the prize-winning Winterset.

★★★½ LOVE ON THE RUN

THE PLAYERS: Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone, Reginald Owen, Mona Barrie, Ivan Lebedeff, Charles Judels, William Demarest, Donald Meek. Screen play by John Lee Mahin, Manuel Seff, and Gladys Hurlbut, from a story by Alan Green and Julian Brodie. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

ANOTHER fast, suave, sophisticated comedy about an heiress and a star reporter. Remember Libeled Lady?

This heiress walks out in her bridal gown on her Paris marriage with a fortune-hunting scion of nobility—and walks into the arms of a handsome reporter on the trail of a good story. He steals a plane and the two run away—but Michael Anthony finds ways to file a daily story to his New York paper. The flight makes a pretty newspaper sensation, and in the end the heiress falls in love with the lad who kisses and tells at so much per line. There is a subplot of sinister and ruthless spies with plans of national fortifications, and there is another newspaperman who continually is outwitted by the redoubtable and ruthless Mr. Anthony.

We like best the sequence—and this interlude touches a high point in comedy this year—where the worn-out runaway girl and the tired reporter break into Fontainebleau Palace to hide and seek a night's quiet. There a mad, fantastic old caretaker mistakes them for the shades of Louis XIV and Mme. de Maintenon in as harebrained a comedy sequence as has yet been celluloided.

Joan Crawford is amusing as Sally Parker, the spoiled darling of the rich; and Clark Gable, as Michael Anthony, contributes his best comedy role since It Happened One Night. Franchot Tone, too, is excellent as the rival newshawk.

VITAL STATISTICS: Usually called in to do similar service on the work of others, ace megger Woody Van Dyke so hashed this in the fourteen days he took to shoot it, Clarence Brown was called in to fix it. Brown reshot two thirds of it, gets no screen credit. . . . Gable says he owes it all to eating regularly. In his struggling days he weighed a mere 145, was a thin man with hands and feet like hams. When his first real breaks came he gained forty pounds in six months, has remained a steady 185 since. It was Van Dyke's idea to get Gable to sing in this: Clark's voice is known as a stormy baritone which makes up in unnh what it lacks in tibbettism. Thinks he's good for five more years of stardom; then expects to devote his life to travel. Born in Cadiz, Ohio, he's never been back. . . . Between them Mr. and Mrs. Franchot Tone knock off a mere $7,500 a week, Mrs. F. getting five grand of it. Besides, in time Mr. Tone will come into his rich paw's carborundum millions; so they will hardly have to consult Mr. Townsend when they get to be sixty-five. Thus far their romance is simply ducky, getting along swimmingly. Mrs. Tone still makes her bed every morning—helps her to wake up. She eats no brekker, has coffee served on the set. . . . Mona Barrie would rather do comedy but keeps having to be Menace. She gardens, knows a place in Hollywood to ice-skate (and it's not on a producer's heart), spends all her spare $$$ on perfume. . . . Reggie Owen is just about the only old-fashioned villain left in films.

★★½ FLYING HOSTESS

THE PLAYERS: William Gargan, Judith Barrett, William Hall, Astrid Allwyn, Ella Logan, Andy Devine, Addison Randall, Michael Loring. Screen play by Brown Holmes, Harvey Gates, and Harry Clork, from an original story by George Sayre. Directed by Murray Roth. Produced by Universal.

A SAGA built around the young women who minister to your quaking tummy and try to prevail upon you to eat a sandwich during your flight from somewhere to somewhere else.

The climax, we regret having to report, may be as hard to swallow as the sandwich. But there is interest and amusement in this presentation of an air hostess's training.

Here you follow three young women through their schooling. One (Judith Barrett) is refused; makes an unorthodox jump from a plane with a parachute to prove her courage. One (Ella Logan) is a comic gamin, barely making the grades, but holding up the film's amusement angle. A third (Astrid Allwyn) quits to get involved with a gangster.

The big scene is exciting in spite of its lack of plausibility; badmen, aroused, shoot up a plane, lay out the pilot and his aide in mid-air. Passengers succeed in overpowering the gangsters.

The air hostess (receiving instructions from a flying field) brings the ship down with little damage, saves everybody.

The girls are adequate; William Gargan makes a two-fisted ground chief stand-out; William Hall is an adequate pilot; and Andy Devine is his comedy aide.

VITAL STATISTICS: Recently TWA received 15,000 applications to fill about forty air-hostess jobs. Most applicants were registered nurses, willing to desert the iodoformula of the hospital for the glamour of flying. All wanted to be a part of the great future of flying; meet important people; who knows—to marry traveling sons of Midases. Among other things, successful air hostesses mustn't weigh more than 118 pounds; mustn't smoke in public in uniform; can't take a snort or even a small beer twelve hours prior to flying. . . . William Gargan is planning an airplane tour around South America with his wife; has toured Europe, but found it disappointing because our motorcars and razor blades and little comforts are better'n theirs. William Hall is the hugest thing on the screen today in the Bob Taylor-made pattern. . . . Judith Barrett isn't the least bit superstitious, except that she avoids black cats, ladders, breaking mirrors; throws kisses at passing loads of hay and makes wishes; is always too startled and awed by a falling star to make a wish. . . . Ella Logan was born an Allan in Scotland; became a London stage performer; noted that Americans were paid more than the locals for their stints; studied Americanisms, faded out, reappeared as Ella Logan, American hoof-and-mouther with a complete line of New England-to-Texas chatter and drawl. Later she New York debutted in Calling All Stars, got on the national networks as a singer of notes. . . . Andy Devine can double his voice for Aimee the McPherson; got that funny dolorous look gazing sadly into the vast emptiness of the Grand Canyon, near Flagstaff, Ariz., where he was born. . . . Not among the credits: The gal who did the parachute jumps for Judith Barrett at $100 per jump and all part of the day's work.

★ GENERAL SPANKY

THE PLAYERS: Spanky McFarland, Phillips Holmes, Ralph Morgan, Irving Pichel, Rosina Lawrence, Billie Thomas, Carl Switzer, Hobart Bosworth, Robert Middlemass, James Burtis, Louise Beavers, William Best. Original story and screen play by Richard Flournoy, Hal Yates, and John Guedel. Directed by Fred Newmeyer and Gordon Douglas. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

HAL ROACH, creator of the Our Gang Comedies, essays a feature-length picture designed exclusively for the entertainment of children. It is a leisurely affair, a burlesque comedy of the Civil War. Whether the struggle that tore a nation apart and killed thousands is a subject for childish laughter remains to be seen. Will the kiddies be drawn to this slow historical comedy? We have our doubts, knowing that our favorite seven-year-old likes best the sleek fast comedies of Fred Astaire.

The action revolves around a diminutive bootblack, played by pudgy little Spanky McFarland, and his tiny pal, black Billie Thomas. They are adopted by a young Southern bachelor just as Fort Sumter is fired upon. You see the kids—now joined by the rest of Our Gang—repulse a frightened Yankee captain and his timid forces, later to receive the humorous approbation of a Northern general.

Maybe youngsters will go for this strongly. But we wonder!

You will like best Ralph Morgan as the blue-coated general who doesn't take the war seriously.

VITAL STATISTICS: At two and a half, during his first powwow with Hal Roach, Sonny McFarland of Texas billboard bread ads, entirely unimpressed with the start of his career, jammed open all the keys on Roach's master dictograph, sent studio into uproar. Shrieked Mother McFarland: "Spankee, spankee—mustn't touch!" It's been Spanky ever since. A seasoned actor, he knows everybody's lines; is all business while cameras are grinding—then plays every second between shots. He's a good fisherman, never lies about his catch. Is a fiend for the amusement shooting galleries. His life's ambition changes from day to day. Recently wanted to become a props when he heard one had found a quarter under a board on a set. . . . Carl Alfalfa Switzer came from Paris, Illinois; couldn't crash Roach Studios; played mandolin in adjoining Our Gang Café ("The Public Cordially Invited"); and sang off key so consistently, he got a job as the Greatest Off-Key Singer in Films! . . . Billie Buckwheat Thomas will tell you his favorite actor is Joe Louis. . . . Hobart Bosworth wears a gray suit in this he got in 1899 for a play in which were Augustin Daly and John Drew.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Texas Rangers, Romeo and Juliet, Nine Days a Queen, The Green Pastures.

★★★½—Three Men on a Horse, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Libeled Lady, The Big Broadcast of 1937, La Kermesse Héroïque, Dodsworth, Valiant Is the Word for Carrie, Swing Time, Girls' Dormitory, Sing, Baby, Sing, San Francisco, The Road to Glory, Anthony Adverse.

★★★—The Garden of Allah, Pete Smith Shorts, The President's Mystery, The Gay Desperado, Ramona, The Devil Is a Sissy, How to Vote, Court of Human Relations, Draegerman Courage, Lady Be Careful, Stage Struck, To Mary—With Love, My Man Godfrey, The Bride Walks Out, The White Angel, The Poor Little Rich Girl, The King Steps Out, Fury.

Your NYAL Druggist wants to give you FREE

this CALENDAR FOR 1937 Your copy is waiting. Twelve pages of beautiful pictures in rich color rotogravure. Scientific weather forecasts for every day in the new year. Religious and other holidays. First aid and much practical information. Interesting questions and answers for every month—things you ought to know. Call for your NYAL Calendar—you may win a prize.

$500.00 PRIZE CONTEST

See calendar wrapper for instructions. Nothing to buy. Just write a short letter. Impartial judges will select best letters to win 230 cash prizes—200 merchandise prizes.

For Christmas shopping, toiletry and drug store needs visit your near-by NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORE—one of thousands of fine independent stores which are reliable, accommodating, economical. Do your Christmas shopping at a NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORE.

NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORE

WORTH LOOKING FOR

DO THREE THINGS FOR A COLD!

1. CLEAR YOUR HEAD... Luden's menthol vapor clears the nasal passages; helps you breathe.
2. PROTECT YOUR THROAT... Luden's 11 medicinal ingredients soothe and moisten the throat; help prevent dangerous irritation.
3. BUILD UP YOUR ALKALINE RESERVE... Luden's contain a natural Alkaline Factor which helps build up your alkaline reserve—just what many doctors order.

5¢ LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS HELP YOU DO ALL 3

LIBERTY OPENS WIDE THE GATES OF HOLLYWOOD!

Announcing the LIBERTY-PETE SMITH

AMATEUR MOVIE CONTEST

CONDUCTED IN ASSOCIATION WITH METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIOS

IF you own or can borrow a 16 mm. or 8 mm. motion-picture camera your chance to win Hollywood recognition is excellent! M-G-M Studios, home of such stars as Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, William Powell, Robert Taylor, Myrna Loy, etc., has delegated Pete Smith, creator of the inimitable Pete Smith Specialties, to conduct a sincere search for talent among the amateur movie-makers of the nation. Liberty joins with M-G-M to present this great opportunity to you! Liberty brings you this opportunity to win an actual Hollywood contract. Not only can you win a cash prize, but your entry may be purchased to be made into a Pete Smith Specialty for regular exhibition.

This contest makes it possible to obtain for your camera ideas, your story ideas, your choice of scenic effects, etc., and the screen personality of those who appear in your entry, full and careful study by real powers in the industry. Let's go! Read the brief rules carefully so that you understand the conditions of the contest before you begin. Note that, aside from the cash prizes listed in the schedule, M-G-M may purchase any entry it selects for use in whole or in part. Why, this is almost too good to be true. It opens the gates of Hollywood in a manner that no amount of money or influence could arrange for you. It invites you, it welcomes whatever you want to submit! Don't fail to take advantage of one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, opportunities Liberty has ever offered its friends across the continent.

WANTED—A MASTER, the Pete Smith Specialty which inspired this contest, has just been released to the theaters throughout the country in order to provide contestants with a definite example of how the simplest of themes can make successful contest entries. This film, originally created and produced with a 16-mm. camera by two youthful amateurs, is the first amateur effort ever to achieve recognition on the professional screen.

Contestants may acquaint themselves with the large variety of subjects and treatments accorded Pete Smith Specialties by viewing this and others of this series, which will be exhibited from week to week in local theaters during the contest period.

The RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation, their affiliated corporations, or members of their families.
2. All entries submitted must be not less than 200 nor more than 300 feet in length in 16-mm. or 8-mm. film.
3. Entries will be judged on the basis of *audience interest*, originality of subject matter, and effectiveness of technique.
4. In the accompanying table of awards, Liberty and Metro are to pay $500 cash to the winner. Metro reserves the right to select additional entries, to be reproduced in full or *in part*, upon payment of $500 for each and every entry so selected. The number of entrants so selected is limited only by the merit of the entries received. The next *six* best entries, who are designated as *runners-up* but whose entries will not be reproduced, will receive the amounts set forth in the prize schedule in the order of their excellence.
5. Subjects must be in black-and-white film and may be either fact or fiction.
6. Subjects may be cast with actual characters or such roles re-enacted by amateur actors as circumstances warrant.
7. Subtitles are to be used to maintain continuity, but these are to be kept to a minimum.
8. The judges will be Pete Smith and Fred C. Quimby of Metro, and Fulton Oursler of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
9. Metro shall have the right to change, adapt, add to, or take from the selected entries as it sees fit.
10. Metro is to have all motion-picture and all other rights in and to the amateur movies selected in this contest, and shall have the right but not the obligation to remake same as Pete Smith Specialties, to be distributed throughout the world by Metro, and may copyright such in its own name.
11. The material submitted by the entrant must be wholly original, must not be libelous, and its full use granted Liberty and Metro must not violate any rights of others.
12. The material submitted by an entrant may be similar in many respects to pictures submitted by other entrants, and if an entrant's picture is not selected for reproduction, such entrant agrees that he will not at any time assert, or attempt to assert, any claim that any material contained in his picture has been used in any photoplay which later may be produced by Metro.
13. Send all entries, prepaid and legally packaged, addressed to Pete Smith-Liberty Amateur Movie Contest, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Any entries sent to Metro direct will automatically serve to disqualify same in this contest. No entries will be returned.
14. This contest closes on February 27, 1937, and entries received later than this date will not be considered. Winners are to be announced in the April 10 issue of Liberty.

The PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
FOUR PRIZES, Each $50	200

CLIP HERE

CLIP HERE

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

This entry blank must accompany each entry submitted in the Pete Smith-Liberty Amateur Movie Contest.

The undersigned by signing below hereby states:

1. That he has read the rules of this contest and agrees to be bound thereby.
2. That he grants the full use of the entry to Liberty and Metro.
3. That the entry submitted herewith is wholly original, that it is not libelous, and its full use, as herein granted, will not violate any rights of others.

NAME .....

(Signature must be in ink)

STREET .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

Vox Pop

"Will the Veterans Demand More Millions?"

DES MOINES, IA.—I have just read Mr. Irwin's article, Will the Veterans Demand More Millions? in November 14 Liberty. If he refers to our organization, which so far as known is the only veterans' organization known as the Order of World War Veterans, may I suggest that in the interest of truth and accuracy he read our five-point program.

The Order of World War Veterans, with national headquarters at Des Moines, Iowa, was formed for the general purpose of securing a pension for World War veterans *and at the same time lighten the tax load of the people.* In order to realize our program we propose, through political procedure:

1. To license gambling, the fees to go into the federal and state treasuries.

2. To legalize lotteries under a national lottery law, net profits to accrue to the federal treasury.

3. To repeal the so-called Economy Act, which was forced through Congress by the munitions manufacturers and other enemies of the people.

4. To repeal all net-income tax laws and cause to be enacted a gross-income tax law, uniform and without exemptions, which would also help spread taxes more evenly.

5. To repeal all laws which permit tax-free wealth. All serious students of economics and other national problems know that any law permitting tax-free wealth is one of the most outrageous crimes ever committed against the American people.

Operation of the above program would pay the pension to veterans, would sharply reduce the taxes of the people, and would add many millions of dollars to the federal and state treasuries.

Mr. Irwin's version of our program (and it seems he had our organization in mind) is garbled and therefore misleading. And he completely missed the point dealing with tax-free wealth. If some one deliberately misinformed him, a penny post card addressed to our order would have brought him the facts.

Does Mr. Irwin realize that many people are fully aware of and are in hearty accord with our program, that vast numbers of people will become acquainted with it as time goes on, and that most all of these, being regular readers of Liberty, will compare his statements with the facts in the case? Certainly they will draw their own conclusions.

Again assuming that he refers to our organization, it appears that he has been grossly unfair in his version of our aims. The least he could do would be to give equal publicity to our five-point program exactly as it appears; for only in this manner could he and the editors of Liberty square themselves in the eyes of many people who really love fair play.—*W. E. F. Schmidt.*

EL RENO, OKLA.—Will Irwin's Will the Veterans Demand More Millions? in November 14 Liberty certainly shows to whom he is catering. Having been but a typewriter soldier during the World War, he is not eligible for membership in the American Legion. Therefore, being unable to join forces with the "builder-uppers," he elects to become a blatant mouthpiece for the "tearer-downers" commonly known as N. E. L. —*George O. Demke.*

PORTLAND, ORE.—In November 14 Liberty Will Irwin shows a bad case of the jitters. He writes in part:

"No insider doubts that a new drive for outright service pensions is coming within the next decade." He then adds we may see a beginning within two years.

That sounds like some propaganda by the National Economy League, because I doubt if either the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States or the American Legion contemplates any such action.

It is my opinion that the general pension charge is simply a trick of the veterans' enemies to pave the way for new attacks on existing veteran welfare legislation.—*W. E. McGuffin.*

EDITH SHAKESPEARE AND THE BARD OF AVON

NYACK, N. Y.—While proclaiming my delight always with Liberty, especially your department, may I ask, through you, where Beverly Hills got the idea that Leo Carrillo's wife was "from Shakespeare's country," as he (or she) put it in November 14 Liberty?

As a lifelong resident of this little village, it is my information and belief that Edith Shakespeare was born right here, or very near by, and lived here a considerable portion of her earlier life, or elsewhere in the United States—except when touring England with her husband —and I never heard of her family claiming any direct relationship to the famous bard.—*Wm. Paul Babcock.*

WHERE TO FIND PUMPERNICKEL

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—To the reader who cannot find pumpernickel (November 7 Vox Pop): If she will go to the Jewish section of her city she will find a Jewish bakery. They make this bread, which is very popular with the Jewish people and can always be had.

Pumpernickel cannot be made successfully at home. The mixing is a complicated procedure, and it must be baked on the floor of the oven—never in baking pans.

I do hope our interested reader will find this bread, as most of our Gentile friends enjoy eating it here.

I wish to add I like Liberty and have read it since the first copy. I have only one kick—it's not thick enough. I read it in one evening. Double it—and charge a dime.—*Mrs. S. Goldsteen.*

[Mrs. R. N. Wood, of North Little Rock, Arkansas, who is alluded to, writes: "I have received letters from all over the United States and Canada, as well as samples of pumpernickel. In fact, I have received enough bread to start a bakeshop! I take this opportunity of thanking them all."]

A LITTLE STUMPED ON EVE

EAU CLAIRE, WIS.—I have read Liberty for a long time and liked it, but when its pages become corrupted with such drivel as Steinach's Latest Discoveries in Beating Old Age (November 7), I begin to get a little sick in the pit of my stomach.

According to the professor, he has

solved the question of Adam but is still a little stumped as to Eve. Ho-hum! and ha-ha!

And then those coy references to lovesick rats and guinea pigs. Well, that's a bit farfetched.

Poor Professor Steinach! When he's molding in the ground, old Father Time will have a quiet little chuckle to himself. —*L. Johnson.*

DOLLAR AN HOUR FOR WPA's

TOLEDO, OHIO — WPA workers are struggling now for a living wage. Humbly is a twenty-per-cent increase suggested. At present we get fifty cents per hour. Our people are still old-fashion-minded in this regard. Why pay the worker beggarly tips in cents? It means hungerism and Japanism. This is against the glorious tradition and the welfare of our country and undermines the respect for our flag with her wonderful red stripes.

Our work is important enough to be paid at least with one dollar per hour. In consideration of the greatness and wealth of our country, I would suggest to pay the workers two thousand dollars annually for eight months' work, and let

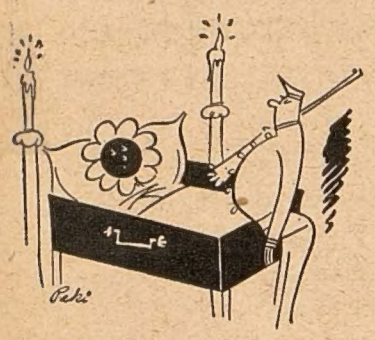
them stay home December, January, July, and August. All the work is not so extremely urgent that it must be completed in blasting cold and in soaring heat.

Without unnecessary suffering and waste the amount of delivered work would be at least the same. In addition to that it would make filled stomachs, happy hearts, patriotic brains, and a prosperous America.

In the face of black underground un-American activity of irresponsible elements, we have to be double on the watch, and then some, that the forty-eight stars in the blue field of our flag are not replaced by the Nazi hunger cross.—*William Stiefel.*

SUNFLOWER SEEDS WILL GROW

OAKMONT, PA.—To the loyal Republicans: When a jackass dies, it is dead; but when a sunflower dies, it goes to seed and the seed will grow again.—*Neal H. Yeager.*



"MAY THE BEST MAN WIN!"

READING, PA.—Permit me to compliment Mr. Macfadden on his very fine editorial, May the Best Man Win! (November 14). There has been considerable "mud-throwing" (from both of the major parties) during the past campaign. In his editorial Mr. Macfadden has shown the ideal of true American sportsmanship!—*Morgan Westfield.*

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—Bernarr Macfadden's lugubrious swan song, so touchingly rendered on the eve of the election that was to administer the most vehement rebuke to any group of political mercenaries that ever undertook to overthrow good government by misrepresentation and partial statement of facts, appearing on the editorial page of November 14 Liberty, is most disgustingly nauseating.—*Clarence E. Hampton.*

SAN JOSE, CALIF.—Emma J. Itjen, in October 31 Vox Pop, asked, "Why not let some one who disagrees with Mr. Macfadden write the editorials for Liberty?" We would still have one person's opinion, and more than likely an inferior one. Personally, I think it would be hard to find a finer and broader-minded writer for Liberty's editorials than Mr. Macfadden.—*Satisfied.*

CRIME BARONS . . . A GREAT STEP

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—With keen interest I am reading your current series, Tracking New York's Crime Barons, by Fred Allhoff. I feel that true articles such as this give the average citizen a much greater interest in the enforcement of law and a higher thought and feeling for the enforcers of the law.

In short, it is a great step toward the proper cultivation of respect for law—something that is much needed in this country.—*J. J. V.*

A LUCKY BIRD CHIRPS ON CONTESTS

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.—Sure was glad to see that letter from Anna M. Meyers in November 21 Vox Pop anent contests, and especially the contests that Macfadden publications run.

I am another guy who agrees with Mrs. Meyers. Macfadden runs swell contests, on the level. I know, you see. And how do I know? Well, I'm one of the lucky birds who have cashed several of those pretty colored slips that bear these beautiful words, "Pay to the order of," etc., and which are signed by Macfadden Publications. And do the aforesaid slips bring in the bacon? Well, I wish I had an armload of 'em!

If contestants who are kicking because they don't win will stick to the rules of the contests they enter and send in entries a little better than the other fellows', I'll bet my last summer's straw hat that one of those pretty little pink slips will find its way to their mailbox. But you gotta stick to the rules and beat several thousands of other "dough" seekers if you win.

Howsomever, it can be "did," brethern and sistern; it can be "did." For I did it—and I'm just one of the average guys. —*C. W. Raymond.*

SLEEPLESS QUESTIONS

ST. PAUL, MINN.—The question propounded on the front cover of November 14 Liberty, Is Carole Lombard in Love at Last? is of paramount interest to every thoughtful American citizen.

After careful perusal of the article and deep search for the answer, I failed to find it. Probably you have some additional information to relieve the suspense.

I had hoped, with the election out of the way, that I could retire to a much needed rest and relaxation. However, all this is now shattered, and until Carole marries Clark or one or the other marries some one else, I am sure we are in for many sleepless nights.

Over this and other questions raised by Liberty, I feel my one destination is the nut house, where I hope to meet the editors.—*Fred H. Strom.*

"HARDTACK"

"It'll do, I guess. What circus did you say your aunt used to be with?"

DR. SHELDON CAN'T RECOGNIZE IN HIS STEPS FILM

TOPEKA, KAN.—I have seen the preview of the picture called In His Steps, made by the Grand National Distribution Corporation, and cannot find any resemblance between this picture and the story that I wrote.

The picture as made does not convey the ideals that I intended to portray in my book nor carry the object lessons that I had in mind in writing it.—*Charles M. Sheldon.*

WHAT IS THE ANSWER, MRS. LEONARD?

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Mrs. Adeline Leonard's puzzle in October 31 Vox Pop isn't so very hardy.

Said problem is, If 7 cats can kill 7 rats in 7 minutes, how many cats will it take to kill 100 rats in 50 minutes?

According to the general method of figuring, it should be 200 catties.

Right?—*R. A. Waymeyer.*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. — We have had several disputes over the answer to the cats and rats puzzle. We say the correct number is two cats. Is it?—*Mrs. Sid Jarvis.*

[Will the lady of Springfield, O., who propounded this riddle please give us the correct answer? Many Vox Poppers clamor to know.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

WASHINGTON, D. C.—A man escaped from a small-town jail recently and the police chief, whom Justice Department agents do not name, sent six pictures of the fugitive, each a different pose, to the police chief of a near-by city. A few hours later he received this telegram:

"Have arrested five of the men; expect to have the sixth within a few hours."

KANKAKEE, ILL.—There was no objection from his mother when Billy Howard, five years old, stretched a sheet over two beds to form a tent so he could play camper.

There was later, though, after Billy built his campfire on the bedroom rug.

Mrs. Howard called the fire department. The loss was minor.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Richard McNeill gave Joseph H. Mariner an order for tomatoes in a produce market.

"No, you want onions," Mariner corrected him.

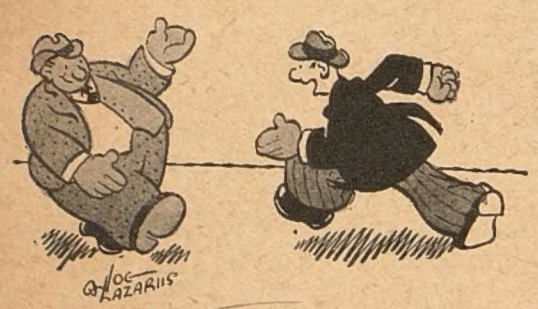
"On the contrary," McNeill said, "I want tomatoes."

"I'm going to give you onions," Mariner insisted.

McNeill objected, and Mariner snatched up a pistol and shot McNeill in the shoulder.

DALLAS, TEXAS—At the office of O. H. Crossett, marriage-license clerk, a Negro woman wanted to know to whom she was married in 1923. "It don't make a bit of difference to me personally," she said, "but my thirteen-year-old daughter has been asking which one of my four husbands was her father."

Use the word "Physician"



"Well, well, physician my old friend Bill!"

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY ARTHUR SMITH

YOU NEVER WILL SEE HER IN FILMS AGAIN

Life has given Mary Pickford a screen success such as can never happen again. It has also given her a tremendous fortune.

But life has also dealt her crushing blows—the deaths of two she held most dear—a romance that went awry.

To carry her through the dark days, Mary Pickford evolved a religion—one she created to fit her own needs.

Now she faces a new life. She is going to marry Buddy Rogers early next year.

What has she done to meet this new existence of which she says, "I am going to do everything within my power to achieve and keep happiness"?

Mary Pickford is not yet done with trouble. Even as you read these lines a new crisis may have arisen. For her troubles she has found a solace; for her future happiness she has also worked out a philosophy which she discloses in a frank intimate article in Liberty next week—an article you can no more afford to miss than you could the one published in Liberty which afterward gained such world-wide fame under the title

WHY NOT TRY GOD?

"Let the gifted and the fortunate awake, rise, and do their religious, moral, and educational duty by their fellow men. LET THEM LEAD!" These thrilling words are spoken by Pius XI—the Peace Pope—in a clarion challenge to the world to abandon the ways that lead to war for those that lead to true international understanding. What the Pontiff has done—and what he is doing at the present moment—to help achieve this ideal is told in an enlightening article in Liberty next Wednesday—

MORE ABOUT PEACE FROM POPE PIUS

Also stories and articles by Major William C. Brooks and Kenneth Brown Collings, Ruth Lyon, Beatrice Grimshaw, T. S. Stribling, L. Emerson Andrews, Dorothy Day, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE DEC. 23

Get Your Copy of Liberty on Wednesday

LET THESE BOOKS START YOU TOWARD A CHERISHED GOAL!

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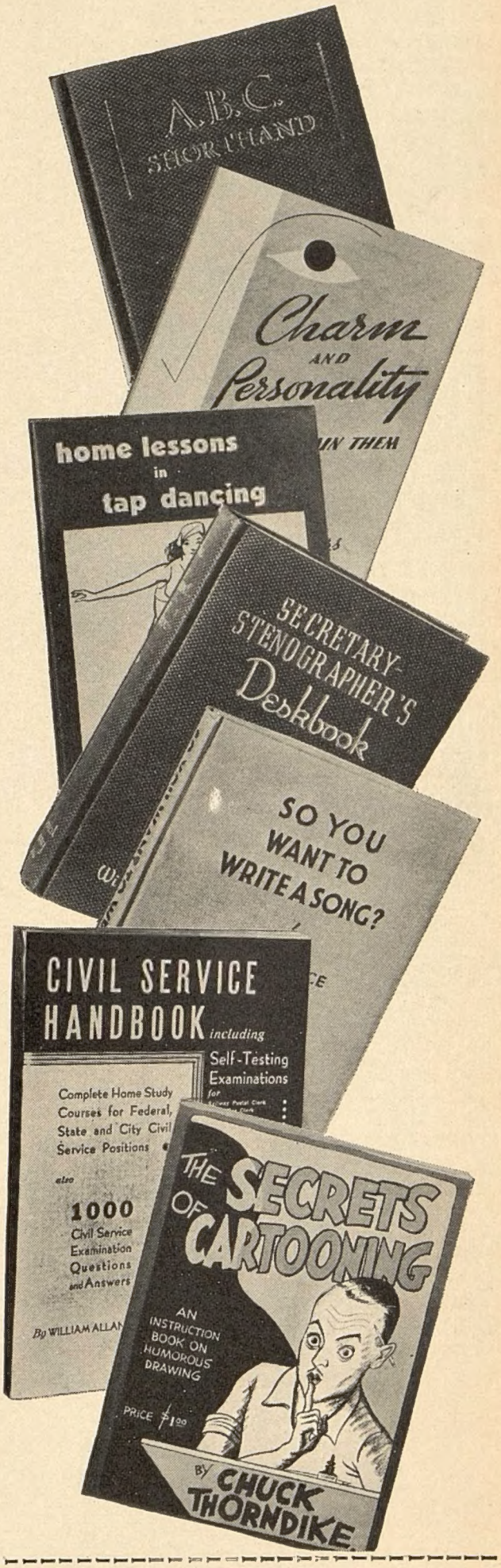
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